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NOVEMBER 10, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 19 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

When Associate Editor Roger Rosenblatt was asked to write this week's story on the nation's capital city, he had no trouble at all identifying a central question: Why does America hate Washington? "It has become a byword for the country's problems," says Rosenblatt. "People abuse it, make fun of it, and presidential candidates campaign against it. You ask almost anyone in this country to tell you what's wrong, and he'll say Washington."

The subject was a natural one for Rosenblatt, a onetime Washingtonian who admits to ambivalent feelings about the capital. Before coming to TIME in July, he lived in Washington for seven years, working as director of education for the National Endowment for the Humanities and, more recently, as literary editor of the *New Republic* and as a columnist for the Washington *Post*. In the summer of 1979, *Washingtonian* magazine named Rosenblatt the city's "best columnist." "I didn't always write about Washington," says Rosenblatt, "but you can't work as a journalist there without automatically becoming interested in the whole scene." His essays for TIME have continued to embrace the "whole scene," from an examination of the growing acceptance of government-sponsored terrorism as a diplomatic option, to a piece of advice on how important people should deal with public scandal to last week's treatise on the hair-raising choices that faced the nation this Halloween.

WALTER BENNETT

Rosenblatt in Washington, D.C.

A native of New York, Rosenblatt wrote a profile of that city for TIME just before the Democratic National Convention there in August. But he found Washington "much harder to pin down." The main reason, says Rosenblatt, is that "unlike most American cities, Washington did not grow naturally—it was invented. It is the symbolic center of the country, a gathering point for politicians and powerbrokers and a place where people live."

For this week's story, which was illustrated by the well-known painter Paul Hogarth, Rosenblatt returned to his old D.C. haunts. For two full days he visited museums, monuments and neighborhoods in an effort "to get the city back in my eyes." Rosenblatt found our nation's capital as perplexing and contradictory as many Presidents have found it. Says he: "How can a city be at once so gracious and so ruthless?"

■

Next week's issue of TIME, with full coverage of the 1980 election, appears early. It will be out on Thursday, Nov. 6, and reach subscribers shortly thereafter. We will resume our normal publishing schedule for the following issue.

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Heavenly Host

To the Editors:

To the wasteland of TV comes Carl and his *Cosmos* [Oct. 20]. I watch, spellbound. If it takes a dash of razzle-dazzle to make us turn starward, to spark feelings of awe, enthusiasm and even love as we consider the universe, then more power to Showmaster Sagan.

Suzanne Vannell
Troy, Mich.

I wonder if Carl Sagan lives in outer space. He talks about distances between galaxies, stars, planets, as if he commutes between them. He is a genius. He is to astronomy what Einstein is to physics and what Pythagoras is to mathematics.

Joseph M. Icho
Arlington, Texas

Carl Sagan is the best thing to happen to science education since Sputnik.

Jerome Agel
New York City

If Sagan "blurs the line between fact and speculation," as his colleagues testify, will scientific inquiry be advanced, or will Sagan's own ego-inspired inaccuracies be promulgated?

After all, popularizing established scientific consensus hardly promotes progress. It took Pasteur decades to convince the world that life did not originate from spontaneous generation. The contrary consensus prevented serious consideration of his arguments. As a result, progress in bacteriology was delayed.

Wesley L. Fankhauser
Seattle

Sagan seems to be creating a new discipline: scientific speculation. This is a dangerous combination. His statement that evolution is a fact is one of the first fruits of such a disturbing union. Science is, or at least was, dependent upon the observable. It is the lack of observations, followed by a statement proposed as fact, that erodes the integrity of science. It makes me nervous, regardless of the quality of the showmanship.

David Shults
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Poor Carl Sagan. He so desperately wants to find man's significance in the cosmos, but he simply cannot bear to speak the word that would give his grand search coherence and conclusion: God.

George S. Rigby Jr.
Horsham, Pa.

Sagan promotes Sagan and *Cosmos* promotes Sagan. As he postures before lingering cameras and delivers overdramatic monologues from *Star Wars*-like props, he skillfully blends fact with fiction, leaving viewers perplexed. By adding gimmicks and schmaltz to fascinating scientific subjects, Sagan cheapens them. This type of presentation imbues science with the razzle-dazzle of show biz and reduces it to bubble gum mentality. Fortunately a flick of the TV dial can leave Sagan out in space.

Jo Frohbieter-Mueller
Evansville, Ind.

Perhaps Carl Sagan's strongest message in his efforts to bring science to the people is this: Science is the true language of the present and of the future. Only a small fraction of this planet's populace, however, can speak the language. The most significant question facing us is whether our civilization, as a whole, will learn to utilize science for the benefit of mankind. The answer will surely determine our future course: noble greatness or self-inflicted extinction.

John G. Wharton, Director
Kirkpatrick Planetarium
Oklahoma City

Irony in Iran

It is ironic that after eleven months of denouncing America, the Iranians are now using U.S. jets and technology in their war with Iraq [Oct. 20]. Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini publicly pledges to fight until "the government of heathens in Iraq topples." Privately he must acknowledge that he cannot hope to win the war without American spare parts.

It is a cruel joke on Khomeini that he may have to free the American hostages unconditionally in order to end the U.S. embargo. Only then could he hope to get the necessary spare parts and the military hardware that were purchased by the late Shah. Otherwise Iran may crumble and become another Afghanistan rather than a new Islamic republic.

Keh-Wha K. Shen
Kaneohe, Hawaii

Abuse of Trust

As Frank Trippett suggests in his Essay [Oct. 20], it can do no harm to ponder the price society pays for the abuse of trust. Americans are saturated with all forms of impressions that stem from the inability to separate fantasy from fact. Honesty is the best policy.

Robert S. Denchfield
Cambridge, Mass.

As evidence of the decline in America's morals, Trippett catalogues examples of public skepticism as to the claims of various pitchmen, politicians and bureaucrats. Yet what is wrong with a public attitude of self-reliant doubt? Would a country of credulous gulls be more moral? He also points a finger at the "relaxation of moral codes" as a reason for "increased deception." Yet this famous "relaxation" means in practice that Americans have been freed from 19th century sexual taboos—and 19th century hypocrisy. Finally, when was this Golden Age when Americans did not attempt to con and cheat one another? In the days of Tammany Hall perhaps? Or when slaveholders wrote of the self-evident truth that all men are created equal?

Michael Hannon
Los Angeles

Rescue at Sea

The story on the *Prinsendam* [Oct. 20] overlooks the excellent safety record of cruise ships over the past quarter-century. Cars, buses, trains and planes should have such a history.

The tragedies of the *Morro Castle* in 1934 and the *Yarmouth Castle* in 1965 taught valuable lessons that were well learned. The success of the *Prinsendam* rescue attests the fact. Let us all salute the disciplined and courageous men and women who followed the procedures in this great sea rescue.

William D. Bennett
Sacramento

Malls Go Downtown

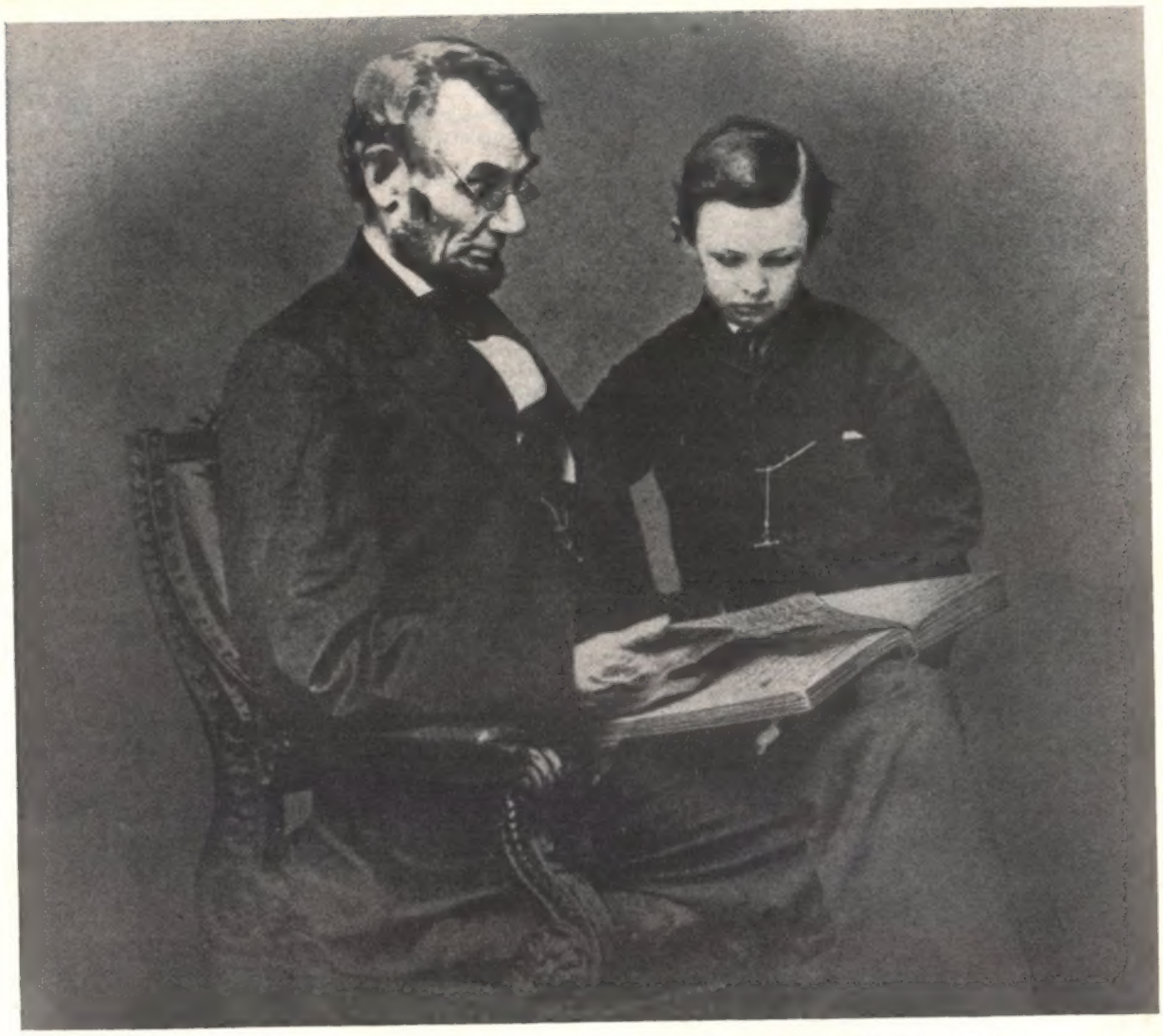
Urban malls in the '80s [Oct. 20] may well "save" cities, but unless each new project is unique to its community, our downtowns will be doomed to the same rigid, stale architecture and merchandizing that suburban malls now suffer.

Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace and Baltimore's Harborplace are both successful because their developers incorporated historic buildings into their schemes. The proposed mall in Asheville, N.C., however, will destroy structures of considerable potential in favor of a prepackaged design of no distinction.

Edwin J. Gunn
New York City

Return of the Prodigals

Children who return home to live with their parents [Oct. 13] are copping out in a way that is seriously detrimental to their personal growth and development. Even when live-at-home young adults are con-



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How to enjoy the classics

By Steve Allen

International Paper asked Steve Allen, television comedian, composer, writer of the television series "Meeting of Minds," author of 22 books and lover of the classics, to tell how you can appreciate man's greatest written works.

Why is it? In school we learn one of the most amazing and difficult feats man has ever accomplished – *how to read* – and at the same time we learn to hate to read the things worth reading most!

It's happened to us all – with assignment reading! It happened to me. The teacher assigned *Moby Dick*. I didn't want to read it. So I fought it. I disliked it. I thought I won.

But I lost. My struggle to keep at arm's length from *Moby Dick* cost me all the good things that can come from learning to come to terms with those special few books we call the "classics."

I've come back to *Moby Dick* on my own since. I *like* it. And I've discovered a new level of pleasure from it with each reading.

What is a classic? A classic is a book that gives you that exhilarating feeling, if only for a moment, that you've finally uncovered part of the meaning of life.

A classic is a book that's stood the test of time, a book that men and women all over the world keep reaching for throughout the ages for its special enlightenment.

Not many books can survive such a test. Considering all the volumes that have been produced since man first put chisel to stone, classics account for an infinitesimal share of the total – less than .001 percent. That's just a few thousand books. Of those, under 100 make up the solid core.

Why should you tackle the classics? Why try to enjoy them?

I suggest three good reasons:

1. Classics open up your mind.
2. Classics help you grow.
3. Classics help you understand your life, your world, yourself.

That last one is the big one. A classic can give you insights into yourself that you will get nowhere else. Sure, you can get pleasure out of almost any book. But a classic, once you penetrate it, lifts you up *high*! Aeschylus's *Oresteia* was written nearly 2,500 years ago – and it still knocks me out!

But I can hear you saying, "I've *tried* reading classics. They are hard to understand. I can't get into them."

Let me offer some suggestions that will help you open up this wondrous world. Pick up a classic you've always promised to try. Then take Dr. Allen's advice.

Know what you're reading

Is it a novel, drama, biography, history? To find out, check the table of contents, read the book cover, the preface, or look up the title or author in *The Reader's Encyclopedia*.

Don't read in bed

Classics can be tough going; I'll admit it. You need to be alert, with your senses sharp. When you read in bed you're courting sleep – and you'll blame it on the book when you start nodding off.

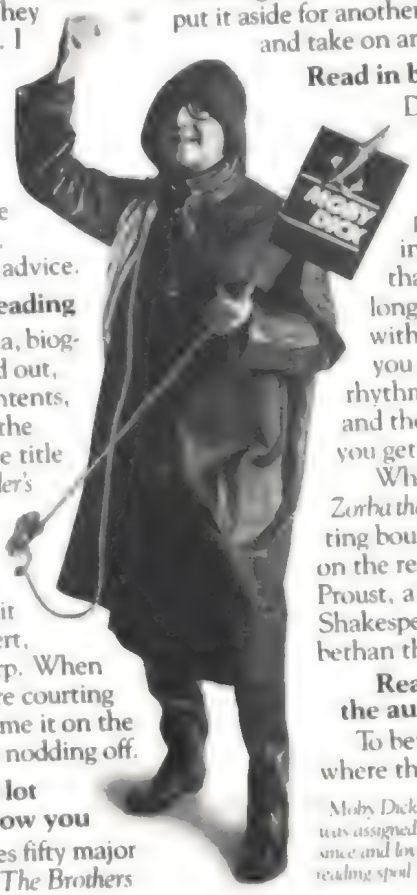
Don't let a lot of characters throw you

Dostoevsky tosses fifty major characters at you in *The Brothers Karamazov*. In the very first chapter of *War and Peace*, Tolstoy bombards you with twenty-two names – long, complicated ones like Anna Pavlovna Scherer, Anatole and Prince Bolkonski. Don't scurry for cover. Stick with it. The characters will gradually sort themselves out and you'll feel as comfortable with them as you do with your own dear friends who were strangers, too, when you met them.

Give the author a chance

Don't say "I don't get it!" too soon. Keep reading right to the end.

Sometimes, though, you may not be ready for the book you're trying to get into. I tackled Plato's *Republic* three times before it finally opened up to me. And man, was it worth it! So if you really can't make a go of the book in your lap, put it aside for another day, or year, and take on another one.



Read in big bites

Don't read in short nibbles. How can you expect to get your head into anything that way? The longer you stay with it, the more you get into the rhythm and mood – and the more pleasure you get from it.

When you read *Zorba the Greek* try putting bouzouki music on the record player; Proust, a little Debussy; Shakespeare, Elizabethan theater music.

Read what the author read

To better understand where the author is

"Moby Dick" escaped me when it was assigned reading. I've landed it since and loved it. Don't let assigned reading spoil the classics for you.

coming from, as we say, read the books he once read and that impressed him. Shakespeare, for example, dipped into North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* for the plots of *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* It's fun to know you're reading what *he* read.

Read about the author's time

You are the product of your time. Any author is the product of *his* time. Knowing the history of that time, the problems that he and others faced, their attitudes – will help you understand the author's point of view. *Important point:* You may not agree with the author. No problem. At least he's made you think!

Read about the author's life

The more you know about an author's own experiences, the more you'll understand why he wrote what he wrote. You'll begin to see the autobiographical odds and ends that are hidden in his work.

A writer can't help but reveal himself. Most of our surmises about Shakespeare's life come from clues found in his plays.

Read the book again

All classics bear rereading. If after you finish the book you're intrigued but still confused, reread it then and there. It'll open up some more to you.

If you did read a classic a few years back and loved it, read it again. The book will have so many new things to say to you, you'll hardly believe it's the same one.

A few classics to enjoy

You can find excellent lists of the basic classics compiled by helpful experts, like Clifton Fadiman's *Lifetime Reading Plan,* the *Harvard Classics* and Mortimer J. Adler's *Great Books.* Look into them.

But before you do, I'd like to suggest a few classics that can light up your life. Even though some might have been spoiled for you by the required reading stigma, try them. Try them. And try them.

1. Homer: *Iliad* and *Odyssey.* The Adam and Eve of Western literature. Read a good recent translation. My favorite is by Robert Fitzgerald.

2. Rabelais: *Gargantua and Pantagruel.* A Gargantuan romp. I recommend the Samuel Putnam translation.

"Some of my best friends come out of the pages of the classics I suggest to you here. They'll be your best friends, too, for they'll help you better understand your life, your world and yourself."

3. Geoffrey Chaucer: *Canterbury Tales.* Thirty folks on a four-day pilgrimage swapping whoppers. Don't be surprised if the people you meet here are like people you know in *your* life.

4. Cervantes: *Don Quixote.* The first modern novel, about the lovable old Don with his "impossible dream." How could you go through life without reading it *once?*

5. Shakespeare: *Plays.* Shakespeare turned out 37 plays. Some are flops, some make him the greatest writer ever. All offer gold. His best: "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet." (See them on the stage, too.)

6. Charles Dickens: *Pickwick Papers.* No one can breathe life into characters the way Dickens can. Especially the inimitable Samuel Pickwick, Esq.

7. Mark Twain: *Huckleberry Finn.* Maybe you had to read this in school. Well, climb back on that raft with Huck and Jim. You'll find new meaning this time.

Of course, these few suggestions hardly scratch the surface.

Don't just dip your toe into the deep waters of the classics. Plunge in! Like generations of bright human beings before you, you'll find yourself invigorated to the marrow by thoughts and observations of the most gifted writers in history.

You still enjoy looking at classic paintings. You enjoy hearing musical classics. Good books will hold you, too.

Someone has said the classics are the diary of man. Open up the diary. Read about yourself – and *understand* yourself.

Irene Allen

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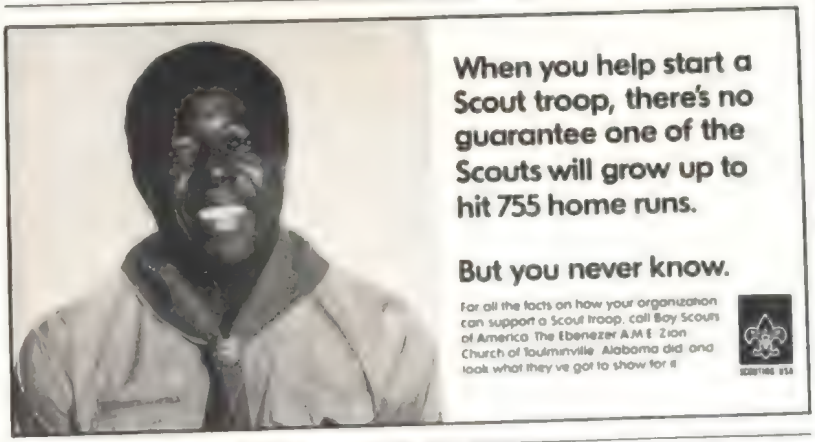

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Letters

tributing money and labor to the household, the fact is that parents provide a psychological safety net whose presence can only serve to inhibit and dilute risk taking and mistake making, both essential components of learning about life and oneself. Living at home after graduating from college or getting a job is an infantilizing process that ultimately sets back both parent and child

Mark Grossman
Minneapolis

First the younger generation was blamed for the deterioration of the family. Now when they need to return to that most sacred of American institutions, it is believed they cannot stand on their own feet. Looks like a case of damned if they do and damned if they don't.

Anne Hughes
Denver

Contraception and the Church

The statement by Archbishop John R. Quinn that Vatican strictures on birth control are being ignored by many U.S. Catholics [Oct. 13] reflects the misconception that the doctrines of faith and morals proclaimed by the church are changeable. Yet there has never been an about-face on any of those doctrines. The great secular breakthrough allowed by the promotion and acceptance of contraception has brought us the age of state-countenanced abortion, community-standardized pornography and a more than embryonic euthanasia movement. This pro-pleasure, antichild mind-set won't intimidate the church of Peter ever to modify the doctrine that sees more to sex than orgasm and more to aging than diminished utilitarianism

Kevin A. Joyce
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Having grown up with the idealistic teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, I found myself ill-prepared for the harsh, realistic world that exists beyond it. In a world where overpopulation breeds starvation and unwanted children are subject to abuse and neglect, I'd say it's about time the church's archaic stance on contraception was rightfully challenged by its own rank and file

Susan M. Balczuk
Essex Junction, Vt.

Pope John Paul II may call Roman Catholics who practice artificial birth control immoral. Archbishop Quinn may not be sure what to call them. But the fact remains that most Catholics who use the rhythm method exclusively are generally known as parents

John G. Patronik
Hagerstown, Md.

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IMPROVED AERODYNAMIC DESIGN

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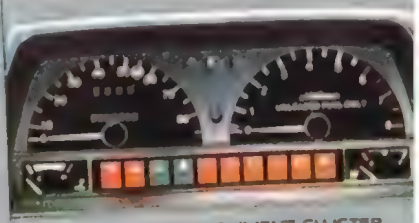
Inside both the 626 Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan, you'll find a new instrument cluster



REDESIGNED INSTRUMENT CLUSTER

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**Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 626 Coupe shown. 626 Sedan $6495. Actual prices set by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, options (wide tires/covers $150) and other dealer charges extra. Prices may change without notice. Availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features may vary.

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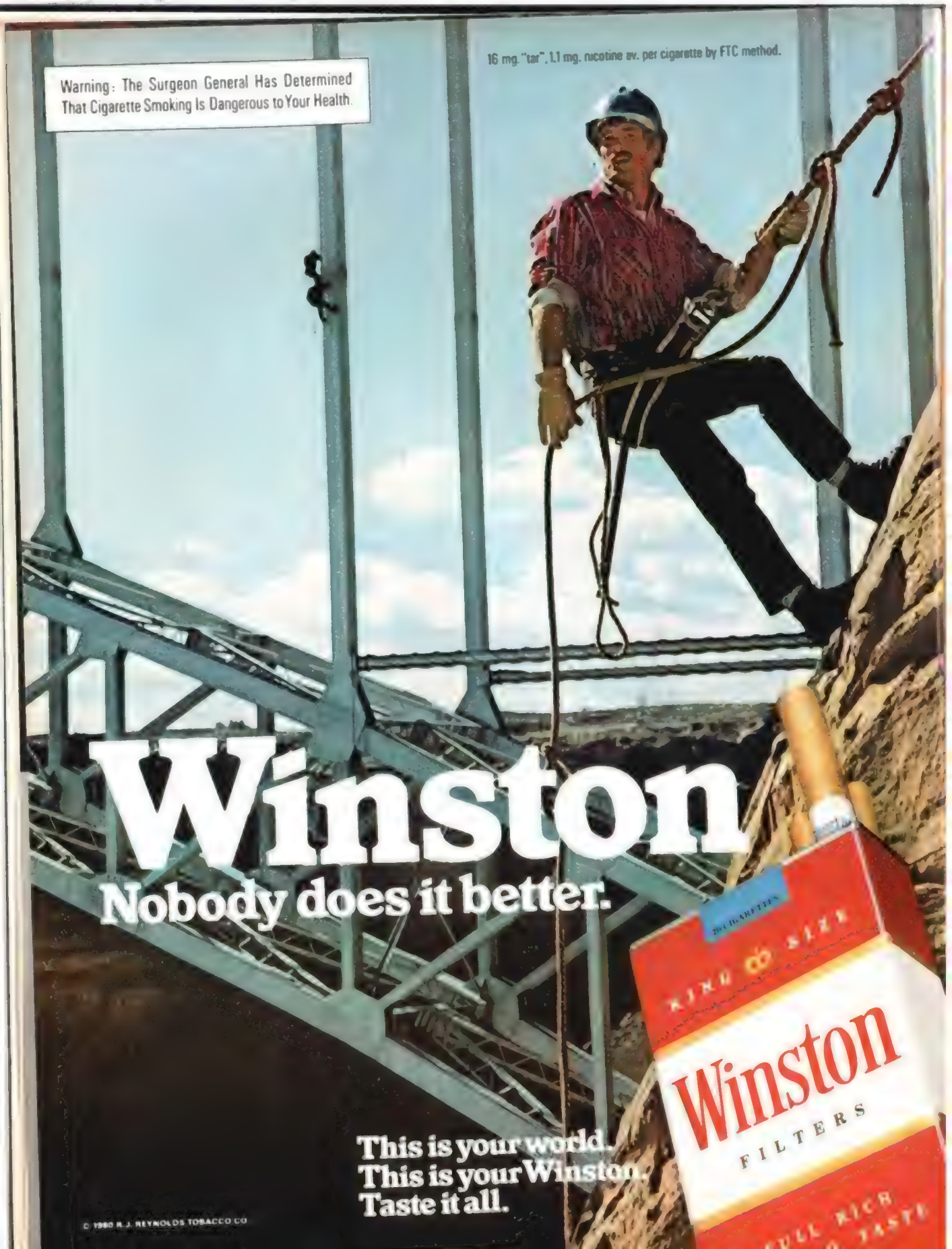
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TIME/NOVEMBER 10, 1980

Hope for the Hostages

But their uncertain status created a time bomb for the President

Air Force One had just landed at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport Saturday night, and the presidential party was en route to a nearby hotel when walkie-talkies in the motorcade crackled to life and the drama began. There was to be a meeting later that night in "Deacon's" room. Deacon is the Secret Service code name for President Jimmy Carter.

After appearing very briefly at an Italian-American dinner, the President went swiftly to his suite to huddle with aides who had been traveling with him, and also with his chief political adviser, Hamilton Jordan, just arrived from Washington. Jordan had flown in especially to help Carter prepare for an event expected to take place within hours in Tehran. The Majlis, or Iranian parliament, was about to vote on the fate of the American hostages, who have been in captivity for a full year.

As Jordan's presence underscored, the late-night meeting involved both politics and policy. How could Carter appear as statesmanlike as possible in his response to the Majlis vote and thus blunt the inevitable criticism that his Administration was manipulating the hostage crisis to increase the President's chances of re-election? How could he at the same time be presidential, political and humane? It was an exquisite dilemma. As one Carter aide was to put it the next day, "They've sure put us in a box."

Both the Majlis action and Carter's initial response came a few hours later. The assembly approved the four demands set forth by Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini as conditions for the release of the hostages: a U.S. pledge not to interfere, "either directly or indirectly, politically or militarily, in the affairs of the Islamic Republic of Iran"; return of the fortune of "the cursed Shah"; unfreezing of Iranian assets in U.S. banks; and cancellation of U.S. legal and financial claims against Iran.

The Majlis resolution began with an invocation: "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," and it ended with a strong warning: if the U.S. dragged its feet in meeting the demands, the Administration would have only itself to blame if Iran should "punish the criminals," *i.e.*, the hostages.

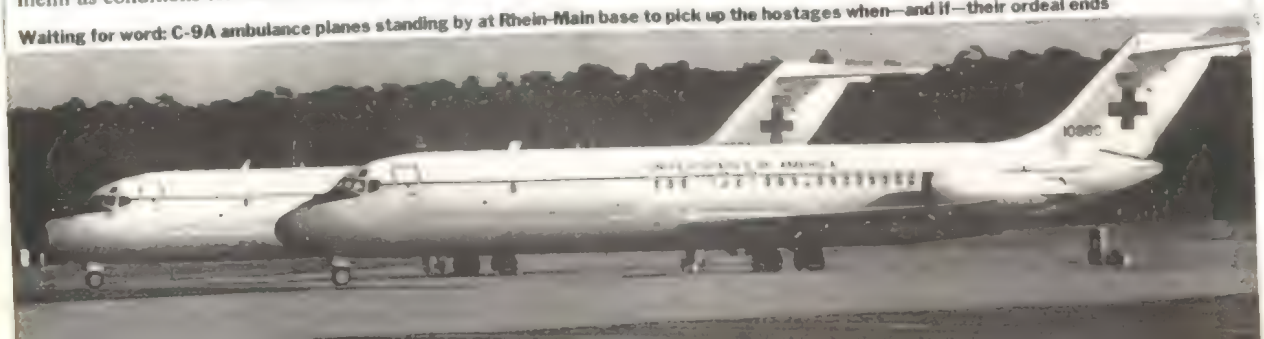
In addition to the fulminations there was, as always with good news from Tehran, a big hitch: the Majlis decreed that the hostages would not all be freed together—or necessarily right away. Instead they would be released in groups as each of the demands was met. The Administration had earlier agreed in principle to all the conditions, but there remained some enormous and highly complex technical problems. One example: cutting the legal tangles tying up the Iranian funds, a process that was sure to be time consuming and controversial (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS).

Reports of the Majlis debate began flowing into the State Department's seventh-floor operations center just before midnight. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher telephoned Carter with word of the Majlis action shortly before 4 a.m. Sunday, and the President instructed Secretary of State Edmund Muskie to brief congressional leaders. Carter then suspended the rest of his campaign schedule and flew back to Washington to preside at an 8 a.m. meeting that included Muskie, Vice President Walter Mondale, Defense Secretary Harold Brown and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. After almost two hours, Press Secretary Jody Powell, his face pale and lined with tension, emerged to make a brief, cautious and laconic report to the press. The Administration had yet to receive an official translation of the resolution voted by the Majlis, he explained. Therefore the U.S.

Carter arriving at White House Sunday morning

Would a breakthrough once more become a breakdown?

Waiting for word: C-9A ambulance planes standing by at Rhein-Main base to pick up the hostages when—and if—their ordeal ends



Members of the State Department's task force on the Iranian crisis meeting in its operations room as the week's tension built

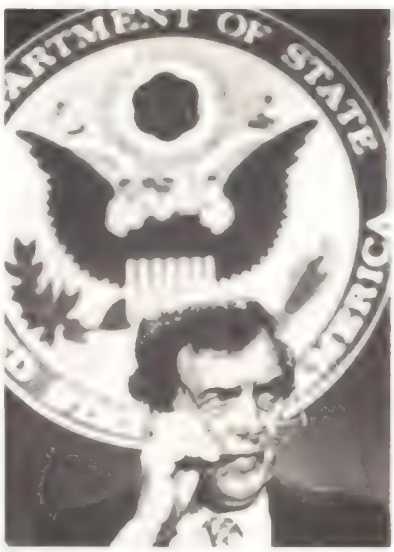
Government would have no official reaction until "additional information becomes available through a variety of sources . . . The obvious gravity of the issue requires deliberate and careful concentration by the President."

The White House also declared in an official statement: "The decision is now in the hands of the executive officers of Iran and the United States . . . We will respond to the Iranian action in accordance with American law and the two principles that have guided our actions throughout, namely the national interests of this country and our concern for the safe and early release of the hostages."

Appearing on ABC's *Issues and Answers*, a former member of the Iranian executive branch, ex-Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotzbadeh, endorsed the legislators' call for releasing the hostages in batches. Later on the same program, however, Muskie reiterated the longstanding U.S. insistence that all of the American captives be freed at once

No matter when or how it is finally resolved, the hostage crisis so dominated the final stages of the presidential campaign that there was a danger the voters would let their judgment of Carter's whole presidency be inordinately affected by one important but in many ways aberrant issue: his effort to free 52 fellow citizens approaching their 52nd week in the hands of a foreign regime that is in a state of both war and near anarchy.

Carter knew that. Reagan knew it too. So did the powers that be in Iran. Last week, largely because the American election was at hand, the bizarre interplay between U.S. domestic politics and the pandemonium that passes for government in Iran became more feverish, preoccupying and unpredictable than ever. While Sunday's vote in the Majlis was significant and encouraging—it was the first time



Muskie at press conference

Insisting all be freed at once.

that the Iranian authorities had committed themselves to letting the hostages go—the unpleasant surprise of a phased release and the difficulty in meeting the conditions meant that once again, a breakthrough in the crisis could turn into a breakdown.

Not even an irreversible breakthrough would automatically have helped Carter politically. The Administration had hoped that the hostages would be freed before Election Day, but feared that some hostages might denounce Carter for the way he handled the crisis. The President's men also were afraid of a backlash against the Administration for making concessions to Iran. That danger grew Sunday when it became clear that the Iranians were going to prolong the suspense and the agony for the U.S.—and thus almost inevitably intensify the impression worldwide that the U.S. was paying ransom to kidnapers.

Indeed, as it studied the matter, the White House grew alarmed that it had been checkmated politically by the rapidly evolving situation. Some of Carter's top aides believe that the President could not afford to accept the Iranian demands as they stood; on the other hand, they felt that Carter could not simply reject the conditions cold.

Reagan, meanwhile, was taking a cautious approach to the issue. Stopped on his way to church, he told reporters "All I can tell you is that I think this is too sensitive to make any comment at all."

For several weeks there had been rumors that a hostage deal was imminent, and its broad outlines—Khomeini's four conditions—were well known. Another American inducement for Iran to free the hostages emerged during indirect negotiations conducted through Algeria, Switzerland, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and, TIME has learned, Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat. The battle-weary Iranian military, which relies on American equipment purchased under the Shah, desperately needs spare parts that the U.S. has refused to deliver because of the hostage crisis. The Administration has said that once the American hostages are free, Iran can have about $100 million worth of "nonlethal" military equipment that it has already ordered and paid for (*e.g.*, spare parts for C-130 transport aircraft). So far, Iran has remained vague about whether it also insists on the immediate delivery of the guns, ammunition and other weaponry it had bought

With the U.S. apparently willing to pay much of Khomeini's price, and with the war against Iraq going badly, the Ma-

jlis began moving to seal the deal. One obvious Iranian advantage: Carter's hope for a pre-election breakthrough. This leverage would be lost once the election was past no matter who was the victor: Carter would have less political reason to press for a deal, and Reagan's general attitude is uncompromising.

Everything seemed set a week ago. Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the speaker of the Majlis, was sure he had enough support to put the deal to a vote. Back in Washington even the most skeptical officials were optimistic. But they, like Rafsanjani himself, neglected to reckon with the ingenuity of Iran's diehards —left-leaning Muslims and mullahs who opposed any compromise whatsoever with "the Great Satan America." On Thursday, the day set for the Majlis debate, about 70 deputies stayed home or refused to take their seats, preventing a quorum and thus blocking a vote.

One deputy in attendance was the Ayatullah Sadegh Khalkhali, the notorious "hanging judge" who has ordered more than a hundred people executed. He, like most of the senior mullahs, supported the deal. Cursing the organizers of the boycott as "truant kids," he pounded his fists so hard on his desk that his turban fell off. The session was then adjourned until Sunday. Said Khalkhali: "This Majlis is incapable of solving the hostage problem. The Imam [Khomeini] should solve it himself."

A last-minute intervention by Khomeini might have produced a solution: most of the holdouts in the Majlis swear obedience to him, but he showed no inclination to act. On the contrary, in a major speech to the nation on Thursday, Khomeini reiterated his absurd charge of U.S.-Iraqi complicity in the invasion of Iran, but he pointedly ignored the hostage issue, an indication that he intended to leave their fate up to the Majlis.

On Friday the signs turned hopeful again. The Iranian government announced it had drafted a "just method" for effecting the hostages' release. A U.S. Air Force ambulance plane was standing by in West Germany. Khomeini's heir apparent, the Ayatullah Hussein Ali Montazeri, called on the Majlis to work out a settlement. Said he: "This shirking of duty may not be condoned by the revolutionary people of Iran."

But the Carter Administration, by now quite fatalistic, warned against another burst of optimism. The basic U.S. position, as summed up by a State Department official: "We don't know what's happening, because the Iranians don't know what's happening."

At the climactic Sunday session, the diehards tried to attach some new conditions. One would have required the U.S. to grant Iranian parliamentarians free television air time to explain their grievances to the American people. But the deputies beat back this and other attempts to stave off, or at least further complicate, the negotiations. Then came the Majlis vote approving the basis for the hostage release.

Even if this were not the week of a U.S. presidential election, the handling of the hostage crisis would present the U.S. with enormous problems. Coming to terms with Iran and sending along military supplies, even of the nonlethal variety, could seriously complicate American relations with the conservative Arab states of the Persian Gulf that are backing Iraq in the war. Last week Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates warned that they might reduce oil production if the U.S. resumed military supplies to Iran.

The Carter Administration hopes to persuade the Saudis and other gulf Arabs that delivering spare parts to Iran and thus enabling it to hold its own in the war with Iraq serves Western and Saudi interests in two ways. First, as long as Iran can defend itself, it is less likely to collapse into factionalism and secessionism, which the Soviet Union would almost certainly try to exploit. Second, American policymakers believe it would not necessarily be good news for the West or for Saudi Arabia if Iraq's President Saddam Hussein were to emerge a clear winner from the present war. He has made it plain that he wants to become the strongman and protector of the gulf. U.S. officials fear that as a radical and a revolutionary, Saddam Hussein would be an inspiring figure to dissident elements inside Saudi Arabia and the smaller sheikdoms of the area.

Therefore, while the White House and State Department would still prefer a quick cease-fire in the war, the Administration would not be sorry to see the Iranian military, with all its made-in-the-U.S.A. hardware, bloody Saddam Hussein and set back his ambitions.

A tilt toward Iran could also complicate U.S.-Soviet relations, as the Moscow press warned repeatedly last week. But as long as the U.S. is contemplating only limited and nonlethal resupply of Iran —and as long as Iraq relies on Soviet arms —Administration officials are reasonably confident that the U.S. can remain technically neutral and that the Kremlin will limit its response to finger-wagging editorials and propaganda.

In the end, the most troublesome aspect of the hostage crisis is the way it has obtruded on American presidential politics. When the Carter Administration's handling of Iran is stripped of all its disclaimers, the conclusion is starkly unavoidable that one of the dominant goals of American policy during an extremely dangerous war has been to get the embassy hostages out before Election Day. That conclusion stands even if President Carter is given the benefit of the doubt for having the most humane motives along with any political ones.

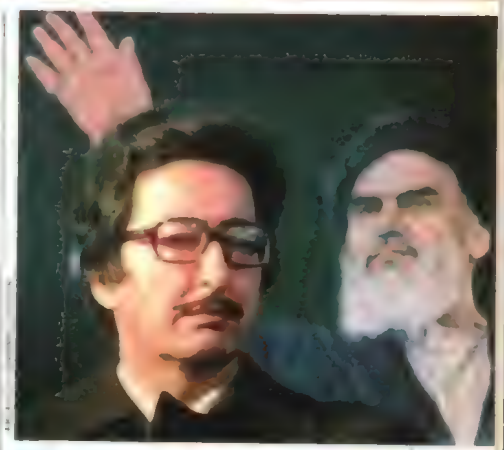
The U.S. has been living with a national humiliation since the day the hostages were seized. That humiliation would be compounded if, a year later, the results of a U.S. presidential election were to depend to any significant degree on a vote by the fanatically anti-American Majlis 6,500 miles away. The exact impact of Iran's blackmail on the U.S. political process may be as difficult to assess after Nov. 4 as it was to predict before, but the humiliation is no less acute. —*By Strobe Talbott. Reported by Christopher Ogden with Carter and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

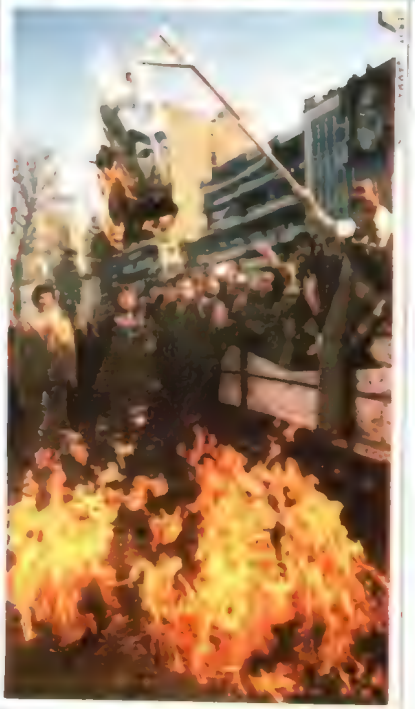
Iran's parliament debating the fate of the hostages during climactic Sunday session

Invoking "the name of God, the Compassionate," while threatening to try the captives

Year of Torment

The year since the U.S. hostages were seized has brought some painfully memorable moments. Clockwise from top left: blindfolded American is paraded in Tehran after capture in November 1979; wrecked U.S. aircraft are abandoned in the Iranian desert after rescue attempt failed in April 1980; Iran's President Abolhassan Banisadr speaks beneath the visage of the Ayatullah Khomeini; Iranian militants burn a dummy of the Shah; flags fly in Hermitage, Pa., one for each day the hostages are held; militants bring Carter-in-effigy to his knees in the streets of Tehran; an Iranian militant stands guard at U.S. embassy





Carter: "The important issue is nuclear weaponry"

Reagan: "Let the people keep more of their money"

Now, a Few Words in Closing

On balance, Reagan benefits from the Big Debate

It has been a long march from the snows of Iowa and New Hampshire, from the time when George Bush had the "Big Mo" and Ted Kennedy seemed to have the Democratic nomination for the asking, even from the balloons and ballyhoo of Cobo Hall and Madison Square Garden. As Campaign '80 finally and mercifully came down to a matter of days, the end at last in sight, two factors loomed as potentially decisive. One was the revival of the hostage drama, the other the debate between Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. Both, coming so late in the game, threatened an unwise and disproportionate impact on Election Day.

There were only a thousand spectators in Cleveland's Music Hall, but more than 100 million people watched the 90-minute debate. The President, tightly wound and always on the offensive, scored the most points on substance; Reagan, with a relaxed, reassuring demeanor that belied the President's portrayal of him as dangerous, came out ahead on style. When at the end, Reagan bounded 15 ft. to Carter's lectern to shake hands, both men were ready to take comfort, if not complete satisfaction, from their efforts.

Said Reagan afterward: "I've examined myself, and I can't find any wounds." That, perhaps, was the biggest victory. Reagan was the challenger, who by credibly debating the incumbent could dispel lingering doubts about whether he was up to the job of President. Said Senior Adviser James Baker: "We only needed a draw to win." Reagan, in fact, did better than that. Said Carter Pollster Patrick Caddell: "It seems basically a wash, with maybe a slight edge for Reagan."

Reagan Pollster Richard Wirthlin said his postdebate sampling of viewers found Reagan to have won by 45% to 34%. Independent polls done for CBS News and the Associated Press supported those findings: CBS gave it to Reagan 44% to 36%, the A.P. 46% to 34%. On perhaps the most important impact of the debate, its effect on those voters who had not previously made up their minds, the two polls diverged. CBS found Reagan picking up the undecided by 2 to 1, the A.P. showed the candidates splitting them evenly.

The debate, while failing to bring out new positions of either man on the issues, provided a clear contrast between their personalities and basic beliefs. Reagan was tense at first, but he soon regained his mellifluous stage presence. Asked whether he was affected by sharing a podium with the President, Reagan quipped: "No, not at all. I've been on the same stage with John Wayne."

Both candidates used the questions as excuses to pull out time-tested stump speech material. For example, when asked about international terrorists, Carter included a peroration on the dangers of nuclear proliferation. He seemed to have a mental list of topics he was going to get in, no matter the question or Reagan's response. The President was constantly on the attack with charges that Reagan's views on foreign policy and nuclear arms were reckless. But the Republican proved adept at delivering aw-shucks parries to Carter's thrusts. Indeed, Reagan had carefully rehearsed them before the debate in the garage of his rented Virginia estate, with Republican Representative David Stockman of Michigan playing Carter's role. As Stockman zinged charges, Reagan tried out two or three retorts before settling on the one that he used most effectively. When Carter accused him of opposing Medicare, Reagan, who did indeed contend that medical care for the aged would be better left in the hands of private insurers, acted as if Carter had again misstated his record. The ex-actor gave a bemused smile, cocked his head to the side and murmured: "There you go again."

Anderson: the third man out

There were a few other memorable moments. One was when Carter said that he had asked Daughter Amy, 13, "what the most important issue was." Her answer: "Nuclear weaponry and the control of nuclear arms." Later in the week, when Reagan in Fort Worth declared that Carter acts "as if someone else was in charge of the country the last four years," several people in the audience chorused: "Amy! Amy!"

Carter made only one conscious attempt at humor. When asked about his opponent's weaknesses, he poked fun at his own campaign excesses: "Reluctant as I am to say anything critical about Governor Reagan, I'll try to answer your question."

Carter scored many of his points on what his aides call the war-and-peace issue. He cited Reagan's "disturbing and dangerous" pattern of opposing all arms-control agreements, from the 1963 ban on nuclear tests in the atmosphere to SALT II. Carter, however, passed up the opportunity to use the forum for a ringing defense of SALT II's merits. Reagan responded by criticizing SALT II, but also promised to sit down with the Soviets for "as long as it takes" to get a real reduction in nuclear arms. He misleadingly denied Carter's claims that he had said he would "scrap" SALT II, that the U.S. should seek nuclear "superiority" and that nonproliferation is "none of our business." But he failed to make what could have been his most telling point: asking Carter why, if SALT II was so critical, had Carter done nothing for almost a year to get it passed.

On domestic policy, Carter avoided politically uncomfortable facts such as the current inflation rate, which he cited as 7%, using this year's third-quarter average, and which Reagan put at 12%, the rate in September, the latest available monthly figure. (The Administration also did not disclose the fiscal 1980 budget deficit of $59 million, the second highest in history, until after the debate.) Citing Reagan's proposed personal income tax cut of 30% over three years, Carter warned that either Government spending would have to be cut by $130 billion—21% of the current federal budget—or the nation would face runaway inflation. Reagan, who at one point likened Carter to a "witch doctor," fell back on rhetoric: "Why is it inflationary to let the people keep more of their money and spend it the way they'd like, and it isn't inflationary to let [the President] take that money and spend it the way he wants?"

A question on the Social Security system revived one of the recurring issues of the campaign. Charged Carter: "Although Governor Reagan has changed his position lately, on four different occasions he has advocated making Social Security a voluntary system, which would in effect very quickly bankrupt it." In fact, Reagan years ago did suggest that the system be voluntary, but he has lately dropped the notion.

For all his predebate practice and coaching, Reagan did not entirely escape trouble. The most embarrassing instance came when he began to answer a question about racial tension, saying: "When I was young, and when this country didn't even know it had a racial problem . . ." What he presumably was referring to was the time before the 1954 Supreme Court decision on school desegregation, the rise of the civil rights movement and America's national efforts to redress racial in-

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Wham, Zonk and Gurgle

Viewed from a distance, the aftermath of the great electronic confrontation resembles a couple of peanuts hit by a steamroller of analytical apparatus. Whatever substance the two modestly endowed men served up in 90 minutes was reduced instantly to an oil spot by the clanking, flashing paraphernalia of production, staging and rehashing that preceded and followed the Carter-Reagan affair. Instantly, the "debate" became a mini-industry all its own, employing thousands, generating millions of dollars and possibly lifting Cleveland back to solvency. The debaters seem to have been bit players in the drama.

There may exist somewhere in this country those hardy viewers who, with pads, pencils, reference works and receptive cerebrums, actually catalogued policy nuances and body language and advanced their state of decision. But the fear is that most people were merely titillated by all the wham, zonk and gurgle that surrounded the endless evening.

Getting there was tough enough—through the *Star Wars* video intros; the apocalyptic tones of Walter Cronkite, the engaging and intelligent diversion of Moderator Howard K. Smith (Smith for President), the veritable ocean of blue carpeting and blue backdrop, the contact lenses, blond coiffure, three-piece suits of the interrogators, the shampoo and hamburger ads. Then, when the talk began, there was the image of little Amy carrying "nukear" proliferation on her shoulders when she ought to be out trick-or-treating, the specter of the witch doctor loose in Reagan's mind. Carter locked up and lonely in the Oval Office time and time again, the first wave of analysis, followed by the second wave of analysis, followed by analysis of the analysis. Then there were all those families groggy from beer and boredom, telling TV crews their dubious leanings. Debate coaches weighed in and drama critics pounded their typewriters. Victory parties begun before the show started roared on into the night for both Carter and Reagan, who both naturally smiled in triumph when it was all over.

The whole thing just may be viewed some day by calmer minds as the most distorted and peculiar political event yet invented in a system that had already run off the tracks. One good fellow compared the episode to an enlarged replay of Jimmy Carter and the killer rabbit—the rabbit being 6-ft. 1-in. Reagan with bushy hair and pink cheeks. All night long Carter swatted away at the intruder with his nuclear paddle and kept Reagan from climbing in the canoe and taking a bite out of him.

What was not said may finally be more important than anything uttered on the Cleveland stage by the two quiz show contestants. Few people quarrel with the ultimate goals of Reagan and Carter. But how do we get there? Our Government no longer works, and for four years Carter has proved it; yet he offered not one shred of evidence how he would improve his record, given a second lease on the White House. Nor did Reagan provide the slightest hint of how he might design an Administration that would get off the ground.

History, which is the only guide we have to the future, was largely forgotten, or worse, may have been unknown and unappreciated by both men. For 35 years, the record shows, the primary ingredient of peace has been our strength, available and judiciously applied as in Berlin, Korea and around Cuba. That Carter never admitted this Government does have a policy of sorts for dealing with hostage taking can be understood, since he refused to invoke the plan in the Iran crisis (apply the maximum pressure that is sensible before making any concessions). Why Reagan showed no knowledge of that policy, developed by all free nations who have combatted terrorism, is part of the sad riddle of his limited appeal.

All in all, the spectacle may have been better entertainment than *Taxi*, but that is not good enough to encourage the prospects of survival in this world.

equality and lack of opportunity. But it was not well put, and Carter quickly riposted that those who suffered discrimination "certainly knew we had a race problem." Carter made one verbal slip: he thanked the residents of Ohio for being hospitable "during these last few hours in my life," causing some jocular aides to wonder if he was about to fall on his sword. Independent Candidate John Anderson was not invited to the debate but voiced his views on a malfunctioning hookup of Cable News Network, joking that he felt "inadequate to compete with little Amy or a witch doctor."

Hardly had the microphones been turned off in Cleveland than both candidates encountered some last-minute unpleasantness. Much to the Carter camp's chagrin, a critical report by Michael Shaheen, head of the Justice Department's Office of Professional Responsibility, on the department's investigation of Brother Billy's dealings with Libya, leaked out. Three times last month, the report says, Carter canceled scheduled interviews with department lawyers. The White House also has been reluctant to hand over requested documents. The report criticizes Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti for "dissembling" at a press conference at which he denied discussing the investigation with the White House.

The Reagan campaign suffered embarrassment from the forced resignation of its chief foreign affairs adviser, Richard Allen, after the *Wall Street Journal* detailed a series of lucrative deals that Allen had made as a private consultant from 1970 to 1972. The article implied that in making them, Allen had improperly benefited from his position as a middle-level adviser in the White House under President Nixon. The newspaper also charged that he had leaked secret information about White House deliberations on U.S. export policies to a Japanese business associate. Damaging reports about Allen have been circulating in Washington and among Reagan's entourage for some time—all denied by Allen—but the candidate's top aides delayed acting until it was clear that Reagan was being hurt by the disclosures.

Still, the week's political events were overshadowed by the fact that there had been a presidential debate at last. Although neither man said anything particularly new or revealing, more Americans than ever before were able to get a sense of the two contenders, a feel for what they believe, and insights into their underlying personalities. To that extent it summed up the flawed campaign more fairly than many had feared might turn out to be the case. For those tuning into the election for the first time, what they saw was basically what the rest of the electorate has been getting all along. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan and Christopher Ogden with Carter*

Oh, What a Tangled Web

When Robert Vesco practices to deceive

The fugitive financier

He lives in a sprawling green and white house overlooking the Atlantic on New Providence Island in the Bahamas. He is much devoted to his wife Pat and their five children. By all accounts, he lives simply, though he does indulge himself occasionally. At his private dock are moored a 60-ft. motor cruiser, a 27-ft. fishing boat, three small motorboats and a sailboat, and his yard is crammed with expensive equipment for them.

For fugitive Financier Robert Vesco, 44, however, boating is only a pastime. He devotes his main energies to trying to quash federal indictments that charge him with looting an estimated $224 million from Geneva-based Investors Overseas Services, Ltd., in the early 1970s, and then trying to stifle an SEC inquiry into his activities by illegally donating $200,000 to Richard Nixon's re-election campaign. (Former Attorney General John Mitchell and Campaign Finance Chairman Maurice Stans, who were indicted along with Vesco, were acquitted in 1974.) Though Vesco is safe from extradition from the Bahamas, where he fled in 1978, he is eager to resume his career as a globe-trotting financier. U.S. investigators have already tried to collar him: last winter, in an operation of questionable legality, the FBI made plans to seize Vesco on a commercial flight between Costa Rica and the Bahamas and divert the plane to Florida. Vesco was tipped off and avoided the trap.

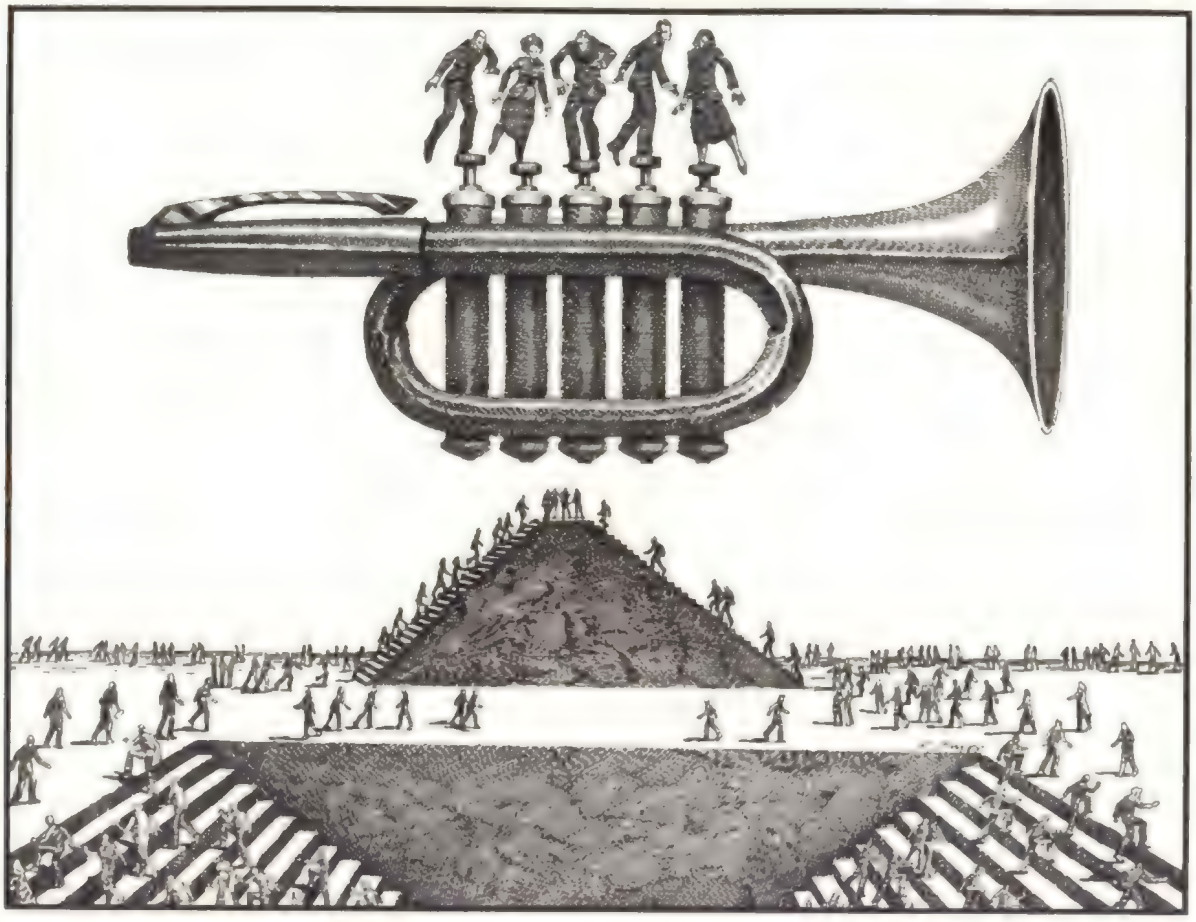
From his palmy refuge, Vesco has been busy spinning an elaborate web of bribery plots that he hopes will somehow enmesh the Carter Administration and result in getting the charges against him dropped. The Justice Department, the FBI, the SEC, a Senate subcommittee and a federal grand jury in New York City are investigating his activities. Vesco's goal, says a high Justice Department official, "is to embarrass the Administration so that he can come back home with immunity from his legal problems."

Undercover Agent Feeney

Federal investigators divide Vesco's schemes into two phases. In the first, dubbed Vesco I by Government lawyers, he offered four Georgians $10 million in late 1976 if they could persuade the incoming Carter Administration to fix his legal problems. The group in turn paid W. Spencer Lee IV, a lawyer from Albany, Ga., $10,000 to talk with his longtime friend and Carter confidant Hamilton Jordan about Vesco's plight. Lee met first with Carter Aide Richard M. Harden, who, claims Lee, persuaded him not to see Jordan. Lee says he then dropped the scheme entirely. After investigating Vesco I for 18 months, a federal grand jury in Washington, D.C., disbanded without returning any indictments. But Justice Department lawyers, in a memo to Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann, recommended that Harden be further investigated by a special prosecutor; both Lee and Harden were suspected of lying when they claimed they never approached Jordan. But Heymann turned down the lawyers' proposal. Explains a top Justice Department official: "There's something there. We have contradictions that can't easily be explained. But in terms of developing information of criminal wrongdoing, forget it. There just wasn't enough evidence."

In the financier's second scheme, Vesco II, he agreed in mid-1978 to help Libya obtain eight C-130 military transport planes that were bought in 1973 but impounded by the Nixon Administration. Vesco's price: $30 million, which he planned to share with Administration officials who aided him. But Vesco also hoped to strike a bargain: once he ensnared an Administration official with a bribe, he planned to offer his testimony in return for getting the indictments against him dropped.

Vesco first won the help of James C. Day, a former Texas state legislator who claimed that he could gain White House aid in releasing the planes. Another participant in the scheme was James Feeney, a New York financier and convicted swindler. He was found guilty in New York of stock fraud in 1974 and of making a false statement to a bank in 1979 and would soon



SOUNDING HISPANIC FREEDOM

Hispanics in the United States number 18 million or more, 1 in 12 of all Americans. In some communities they are the majority.

Yet these numbers have not translated into proportionate civic and community participation. The result is inequity in job opportunities, education, fair treatment under the law and sharing of public funds.

This deprives the individuals of their full measure of freedom and the communities of their fullness of life.

Gannett newspapers and broadcast stations are working hard to do something about that.

The Nevada State Journal and Reno Evening Gazette described abuses in jobs, education and housing suffered by Northern Nevada's large, but largely ignored Hispanic population. By focusing on the struggles of individual Hispanics pursuing their American dream, the series of articles clarified needed community remedies.

An El Paso Times series offered readers a close inspection of the problems Mexican-Americans face in their daily lives within the unique border community. And the newspaper continues to place major emphasis on news about the Hispanic community.

KBTV in Denver scheduled public service spot announcements in all parts of its broadcast day, urging Hispanics to cooperate fully with the 1980 census. Hispanics make up an estimated one-fourth of the Colorado population.

In San Bernardino, California, The Sun opened a news bureau in the heart of the Hispanic and Black West Side. A vibrant, active community is now better known to all area residents. The Sun also added a columnist who writes exclusively about Hispanic political activities.

KPNX-TV in Phoenix airs a weekly public-affairs program concentrating on Hispanic needs and events.

To better serve the entire community, the Tucson Citizen in Arizona offers free Spanish lessons to every staff member.

A third of the news staff has already signed up.

And Gannett and Michigan State University have launched a large-scale study of communication behavior and attitudes of Hispanic-Americans. The study will help newspaper and broadcast professionals serve the audience according to its needs and preferences.

In these ways and others, Gannett members strive to serve all segments of their communities, each according to its own special needs.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we are in, whether it is newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising, film production, magazine or public opinion research.

That freedom rings throughout Gannett, from Tucson to Tarrytown, from Salinas to Santa Fe, from Visalia to the Virgin Islands, in news coverage, in editorial opinions, in community service, each member serving its own audience in its own way.

GANNETT

A WORLD OF DIFFERENT VOICES
WHERE FREEDOM SPEAKS

face charges of fleecing five banks in Denver of $600,000. Feeney signed on with Vesco, but instead of helping him, he went to the U.S. Attorney in New York, told him of Vesco's plan and offered to serve as a Government undercover agent in hopes of winning a light sentence in his 1979 New York conviction. The authorities accepted his offer and outfitted him with a hidden tape recorder.

Throughout the first half of 1979, Vesco, Day and Feeney met several times to plot the Libyan plane deal. According to Day, Democratic Party Chairman John White, a self-described "political acquaintance" of Day's, agreed to accept $1 million for his help; White vehemently denies the charge. On June 20, 1979, White did meet with Day and the Libyan U.N. Ambassador Mansur Rashid Kikhia in a Washington restaurant. The FBI photographed the meeting but did not record the conversation. According to Day, the topic was the Libyan planes; White denies this and claims he met with Kikhia only as a "courtesy" to Day. White testified before a grand jury in New York City in October 1979 and is now being investigated by the Justice Department on possible perjury charges.

Reverberations from Vesco II are still being heard. Senators Dennis DeConcini of Arizona and Orrin Hatch of Utah visited Vesco separately last July and later claimed that the Justice Department was dragging its feet on the case in order to protect high Administration officials. Federal Judge Fred Winner, who is hearing Feeney's case in Denver, seems to share that impression. Winner accused the department last month of a "stonewall" for not allowing Feeney to testify about the contents of the 60 hours of secret tapes he made as a Government informant in the Vesco investigation; Feeney claims that he took part in the Denver fraud only to hide his role in the Vesco inquiry. Justice Department officials say this is nonsense and adamantly deny charges of foot dragging.

Vesco claims he is so eager to tell his side of the story that he proposed to the U.S. Attorney's office in New York that if it allowed him to testify before a Senate subcommittee investigating Vesco II, he would stand trial on at least some of the federal charges against him. Said Vesco to TIME last week: "The time for games has come to an end." Justice Department lawyers scoff at the offer. His real motive, they insist, is to trick the committee into giving him immunity from prosecution for whatever he says in the hearing room—and then talk about every charge against him, no matter how irrelevant to the committee's probe. He then more than likely could not be prosecuted. Says a Government lawyer: "He's trying to use politicians to let him rule the world." —*By James Kelly. Reported by Jonathan Beaty and Evan Thomas/Washington*

Williams: a question of tactics

Biggest Catch

A Senator is indicted

Now comes the biggest, and for the Government, perhaps the most difficult Abscam case. After examining its evidence for nine months, the Justice Department last week obtained an indictment against Democratic Senator Harrison ("Pete") Williams, 60, of New Jersey for allegedly offering to use his political influence to help a phony Arab sheik make profitable investments in the U.S. In return, the bribery indictment charges, Williams accepted shares in a defunct titanium mine in Virginia in which the sheik, who was actually an undercover FBI agent, said he intended to invest $100 million.

Williams, who will plead not guilty ("I did nothing wrong"), is the only Senator who has been charged in Abscam. Two Congressmen have been tried and found guilty. Four others are awaiting trial. Unlike the convicted Congressmen, Democrats Michael Myers of Pennsylvania and John Jenrette Jr. of South Carolina, Williams is not accused of accepting cash. The mining company shares were of little value at the time, but the Government contends that Williams promised to help the titanium company get defense contracts, which would have made the shares valuable.

His lawyers are expected to try to persuade the trial jury that Williams, who met with the bogus sheik or his representatives eight times in eleven months, was improperly enticed by the FBI. An FBI tape played at Myers' trial records FBI Informer Mel Weinberg, who acted the role of the sheik's associate, coaching Williams on how to impress the fake Arab. Said Weinberg: "You gotta tell him how important you are. You tell him in no uncertain terms: 'Without me, there is no deal. I'm the man who's gonna open doors.' " Thus, the jury's most difficult decision may be deciding if Weinberg went too far in trying to lure the Senator into an illegal deal. ■

Racist Riflema

Is the drifter a killer?

As a boy in Mobile, Ala., he wa
quently beaten with a stick l
mother. At 17, he dropped out o
school and began getting into fre
scrapes with the police. He was ar
for assault, carrying concealed we
and disorderly conduct. 'He becar
Evangelical Christian, then a Naz
finally, a Ku Klux Klansman. A
point he told friends that he was go
join Ian Smith's Rhodesian army. In
Joseph Paul Franklin, now 30, cont
to drift from state to state, driven by
passions: his love of rifles and his h
of blacks.

Franklin, who was being hunte
the FBI, was spotted last month sell
pint of blood for $7 in a blood bank i
mingham. Last week he was arrest
Lakeland, Fla. Authorities want to
tion him about a yearlong series of s
ings—in Salt Lake City; Johnstown
Cincinnati; Indianapolis; Oklahoma
and Fort Wayne, Ind.—which cla
the lives of eight black men and two
women and included the wounding of
tional Urban League President Ve
Jordan in May. All the attacks occu
without warning, involved a high-p
ered rifle, and, in four of the assaults
black victims were with white female

Franklin, who was being held
$1 million bail, faces a hearing this
on whether he should be transferre
Salt Lake City, where he was indicte
violating the civil rights of two black
Theodore Fields, 20, and David Ma
18, who were shot to death in Au
while jogging with two teen-age w
girls. Franklin had been arrested
months ago in Florence, Ky., but had s
escaped, leaving behind a Chevrolet
maro, two rifles and two handguns.
he of the charges: "They are all trum
up because of my white racist views."

Franklin: a record of violence

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1980

A Place to Hate and Love

The President's town reflects the worst and best of America

If Washington has not been its old humming self in the past weeks while awaiting the outcome of the presidential election, its quietude is forgivable. Presidential candidates have been hard on the city these past few years, each outthreatening the other to take the place apart. Oh, not the whole place—not the Redskins or the cherry blossoms—but most of the rest, especially the Federal Government, that great marble engine of the democracy. Nor are Washingtonians consoled by the fact that the candidates have been merely speaking for the country at large. Lord, how the nation hates Washington. Ask any Texan or Vermonter or whomever, and he will chew your ear off about that godless pile on the Potomac, that lobby-choked mausoleum, that fat, besotted ... and you can throw in tasteless while you're at it. And dull.

When Presidents themselves talk that way, it is not merely campaign bombast aimed at the hinterlands. Jimmy Carter entered Washington as a stranger, and has never been accepted by it. Ronald Reagan openly campaigned against the place. The President may find temporary shelter in the roomy house on Pennsylvania Avenue, but when he looks toward green Lafayette Square and creamy St. John's Church, he will not see his home town. One cannot imagine Leonid Brezhnev or Margaret Thatcher mentioning Moscow or London and meaning anything but a place. But when the President says "Washington," he means a force, perhaps his nemesis. What is this city that even Presidents cannot handle?

Regarded with scorn and trepidation, the capital city remains uncomfortable but composed. By now, after all, it is used to being attacked, having in a sense been baptized in the War of 1812, when Rear Admiral Cockburn and his redcoats practically cooked the city alive. A violent storm followed the British, whipping roofs and chimneys off houses. Things looked up after that. The charred walls of the President's house were painted white, thus suggesting a new name. Eventually the mud streets were paved. A social life came waltzing in, followed briskly by a professional life and a business life, until now there is almost nothing the city lacks, except an encouraging word.

Not that Washington has ever needed any patting on the dome to flourish. Growing is what the place does best. There are 298,000 federal civilian workers in the Washington area today, compared with 2,200 in Lincoln's time. These hordes are attended in various ways by lobbyists, lawyers, accountants, special interest groups, consultants and journalists, all in vast numbers. The number of lawyers alone would drive Plato to despondency. Ever since Government started going after business, business started hiring lawyers. In July 1973 there were 10,925 attorneys listed as members of the District of Columbia bar. Two months ago, the count was up to 33,457. Naturally, the number of offices has also shot up—by 57% in the past five years. And restaurants (mainly French) and stores (mainly chic). In 1976 Bloomingdale's set out to surround the District by opening one branch in Virginia and then, six months later, by placing another in Maryland. Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin soon followed. For those who admire such things, there could be no surer sign that Washington had arrived.

All that sudden growth has not marred the temperate beauty of the city. To be sure, the office buildings housing lawyers and lobbyists on K Street look like toasters with windows, but on the residential streets of the city there are probably more attractive homes (Federal, Victorian, stark modern) than anywhere else in the country. This makes for some astonishingly boring discussions of real estate deals but also for some very pleasant living. So do the parks, like Montrose and Rock Creek. So do the ball fields and tennis courts (available). The city's most famous structures have always held a special power: Lincoln, white as a sheet, looking out from his inappropriate throne across the Reflecting Pool (drained now for repairs) toward the Washington Monument; the monument itself, an elongated ghost, ringed by schoolchildren, peering over the city as if to check on its prosperity.

Along 16th Street all the world's churches seem to have convened for a permanent caucus—Mormon, Universalist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Swedenborgian. There are many distinctive areas like this. Glen Echo is an amusement park that went out of business in 1968. Now arts groups meet there near abandoned carrousel horses and a cracked, empty pool. Downtown, the old Woodward & Lothrop department store looks as handsome as ever, with its polished wood everywhere. Streets are lined with wig emporiums and phrenologists. The National Portrait Gallery is located in the old U.S. Patent Office that doubled as a makeshift hospital during the Civil War. Walt Whitman wrote of soldiers dying there between the rows of inventions. The Phillips Collection at 21st and Q is still a great place to be alone with a painting. Yet

The Oval Office: "Lonely" but "gratifying," says Carter of the job

Paintings by Paul Hogarth

The U.S. Capitol: when tourists come face to face with their heritage, all their antipathy toward Washington seems to turn to pride

a lot of the best in Washington is new, including a clean, safe subway and a hockey team that is quite bad enough to bring happy tears to the eyes of old Senators fans.

As for the growth of the arts, Washington has reached a point in the past few years where only a transplanted New Yorker would remain unimpressed. The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts opened in 1971, bringing yet more unnecessary acres of red carpeting to the city but also presenting thousands of nights of first-class opera, theater and ballet. The National Symphony is now led by Mstislav Rostropovich and is magnificent. There are other great institutions: the Folger Shakespeare Library, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian museums, the National Theater, the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden—all intelligently run, all national showpieces. Nor is the feeling of these places monumental and distant. One of the white blades of the National Gallery's East Building is tinged brown about three feet up from the grass, where kids could not resist grasping the stone.

This is the Washington tourists see —13 million visitors a year, 3.5 million in April alone, when the Tidal Basin wears a garland of cherry blossoms. Tourists do not generally see the black ghetto areas like Anacostia, where trimmed lawns and trees as stately as dowagers mix strangely with dour housing projects and graffiti-ridden seesaws. Nor are there many tours that stop at the corner of 14th and Belmont, where stained couches lie cut open on the sidewalk. Washington is 70% black. Not all is poor black: the "Gold Coast" out along 16th Street is largely black and upper middle class and stucco. But the city has more than its share of the ravages of poverty, a situation not improved after the riots of 1968, when "white flight" to tranquil McLean, Va., and such places left the city poorer.

Now middle-class whites are settling in the District, though not yet in great numbers. Middle-class blacks, in turn, are moving out to the suburbs, and as Peter McGrath and Howard Means pointed out in the October *Washingtonian* magazine, Prince George's County, Md., may soon provide "the purest test in the area of the ability of blacks and whites to live together." Such facets of Washington life are not the concern of Washington haters, who concentrate their fury on candle-lit Georgetown and rich but modest Cleveland Park. Yet their grievances about Washington run far deeper than this. And not all have to do with the meddlesome Fed.

The Solid Civil Servant. In a city where everyone and his brother are cast in bronze, the federal employee requires no such memorial. He is more immovable than any statue, and he needs no horse or cannon for protection. He is also substantially protected from inflation and old age. And he is close to being recession-proof, living blissfully in what former Attorney General Griffin Bell calls "the land of the lotus eaters." Including the 9.1% pay raise that took effect in October, the average annual salary for federal white-collar employees is $23,000 in the capital area. Federal pensions are boosted to keep up with the cost of living not once but twice a year, costing taxpayers an extra annual $500 million. When President Carter tried to reduce that raise, the federal employees' unions mounted a zealous lobbying campaign and beat him in the House, 309 to 72. Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus, who is planning to return soon to Idaho, will take home mixed memories: "I'm not anti-Washington. I enjoy it. But you have games going on all the time with these people. There are bureaucrats and there are 'powercrats.' I call the two or three percent who poison the well 'powercrats.'"

The Beltway Bandits. The Carter White House likes to boast that there are 40,000 fewer federal employees today than in 1976. True enough. But there also happen to be 30,000 more part-time federal employees. Moreover, the Government pays between $4.5 billion and $5 billion a year to private contractors, those burgeoning consulting firms known as the "Beltway Bandits" for their location on Route 495, which encircles the District. President Carter has tried to cut back the use of consultants, but like the other beneficiaries of Big Government, they are getting stronger all the time.

Here Comes Everybody. Those lawyers, lobbyists, accountants and others who hover around the federal honey pot are remarkably well rewarded for their attentiveness. In 1979 Washington was once again the nation's most affluent marketplace, according to *Sales and Marketing Management* magazine. The average income of households in metropolitan Washington after taxes was $27,200.

which is a tidy 31½% above the national average. The average household income for suburban Montgomery County, Md., was $30,333. In Fairfax County in northern Virginia, it was $33,578. One of the reasons that the rest of the country begrudges these people their incomes is that the rest of the country is indirectly paying for them through increased taxes to an increasing Government. And of course the hangers-on have a keen interest in seeing the Government grow.

Here Comes Nothing. If all the hundreds of thousands of federal employees and hangers-on actually helped to make Government efficient, Washington's glaring wealth might not be so resented. But the general perception is that nothing connected with the Government works at all. That is especially true of Congress these days, where all the reforms of the past few years were supposed to oil the machine. It was not long ago when the great wail about Congress was aimed at the obstructive, old (and usually Southern) committee chairmen. Nowadays you do not see a chairman of the Rules Committee putting controversial bills in his pocket and going off to a Virginia farm, the way Congressman Howard Smith used to do in the '40s and '50s—"I have an old sow that just loves to have her ear scratched. I've got to tend her now and then."

What you do see, however, is the "iron triangle," the term applied to the relationship among the people in a given Government department, a special interest group outside the Government and the members and/or staff of a congressional committee or subcommittee, all working on the same problem. *Triangle* describes the positioning of the participants, *iron* their mobility. Such arrangements are further immobilized by the sheer number of subcommittees dealing with any one issue. With the power of the leadership in both the House and the Senate reduced to almost nothing these days, bills go to several committees simultaneously, which then report conflicting versions to the floor. Want to know when to expect a coherent energy policy out of Congress? Ask any or all of the 83 committees and subcommittees now handling the crisis.

Power to the Lobbyists. The Government is supposed to represent the will of the people. The complaint today is that it only represents the will of people with special interests. There are more than 2,500 trade associations and professional groups with offices in metropolitan Washington (900 have come to the city in just the past decade). Of these some 1,800 have their national headquarters in Washington. They even have their own association—the American Society of Association Executives—and their own flag (ASAE in gold on a bold blue square). The 2,500 associations employ some 87,000 people and spend about $4 billion a year to try to get the Government to see things their own separate ways. There are also more than 500 national corporations with representatives in Washington. What all this amounts to, in the words of a former lobbyist, is "a new branch of Government."

Driven and Detached. All of the above adds up to what many people in and out of Washington perceive as a smug, cold, self-absorbed city, wholly out of touch with real-life America. Too many Washingtonians speak of "access" to centers of influence; too many talk in initials and numbers (OSHA, DOD, HR—152). Too many want to "meet for lunch" in order to pump others for favors or information. Too many are transients. Too many only want to know you when you are up.

Then there are all those journalists—too many, period. There are 2,661 news-gathering organizations in the city, and they are part of the action. Washington may be the only city in the U.S.—in the world—where journalists enjoy so high a social standing. They gain their prestige like lobbyists and lawyers, by serving those in power, by providing their means of publicity and communication. Those who serve especially well often gain power for themselves; too many do that. On the other hand, those who do not serve at all are kept in solitary confinement, without sources. Journalists in Washington are courted, partied, pampered and told that they are wonderful. Too many believe it.

Then again, the city often appears detached not only from the rest of the country, but also within itself. Unlike Gaul, Washington is divided into four parts, four unequal sections that center on the Capitol and then spread out in their separate directions. But the separations go deeper. Blacks and whites may be coming together in the suburbs, but in the District the blacks and whites

Georgetown: a phalanx of elegant houses called Cox's Row in the city's most sought-after neighborhood, citadel of the prestigious and powerful

generally have their own areas. The monuments are also separate from where people live. So are the museums. The big snazzy stores have their own sections as well. And if you want to watch the Bullets or the Caps, you have to drive to a separate city (Landover, Md.). In short, there is no easy flow to life in Washington, no meandering from gallery to dinner to theater without a trek. Every person seems his own department.

And Dull. Sure, there are plenty of new restaurants in Washington, but with a couple of exceptions, all the food tastes as if it were prepared in a central kitchen located at K Street and Connecticut Avenue. Sure, there is the Kennedy Center. But where are the renegade artists and the experimental playwrights? Where are the writers? Every couple of years, someone will produce an article on the literary life in Washington, in which Herman Wouk's name is trotted out like the tsar's jewels. To be fair, there is no literary society in any American city now. But except for the work of a few first-rate poets and novelists, most Washington prose goes into memos.

The Cosmos Club on Massachusetts Avenue: haven for the city's intellectual elite

Where, for that matter, is intellectual life generally? There are scholars aplenty in Washington—all packed away in think tanks like Brookings and the American Enterprise Institute, hard at work on social science projects that will undoubtedly have practical applications. But where are Washington's university professors? There are 25 colleges and universities in the immediate area, employing more than 10,000 faculty members. In Boston, it would be impossible to throw a party without a dozen professors showing up. In Washington, professors are invisible, out of it, lower than lobbyists, far lower than journalists. Of course, parties are places for the conduct of business, not discourse. That is just as well. Henry James romantically regarded Washington as the "city of conversation." It would be interesting to see what he would make of the arcane political chitchat that fills lunch hours at Sans Souci and the Madison.

Obviously, some of these grievances are more urgent than others. But in a strange way they have all been blended into one shrill complaint. There is something quite special going on here. The city is not solely an object of scorn for being clumsy and cold. The very idea of Washington is hated too. And both the idea and the fact of the city have now become so confused in the public mind that expressions of contempt for the place sound as if the city had done the complainer some personal injury: "It is impossible for me to express the depth of feelings I've seen around this country about Washington," says Columnist Richard Reeves, who worked as a national political reporter in Washington from 1972 through 1978. "It is a patriotic hatred. It crosses all socioeconomic classes, educated or uneducated, rural or urban."

Americans who feel a "patriotic hatred" toward Washington view the place as enemy territory. Mighty strong words, when one considers that the city was originally wished into existence by a country that had just wished itself into existence. That steamy, swampy capital was designed to be the repository of the new country's best hopes. If Washington has now fallen in the public eye, does it mean that those hopes have also fallen? Or is it rather, and more ominously, that Washington has indeed become all the country has hoped for, and that it now represents the penalty for hoping for too much?

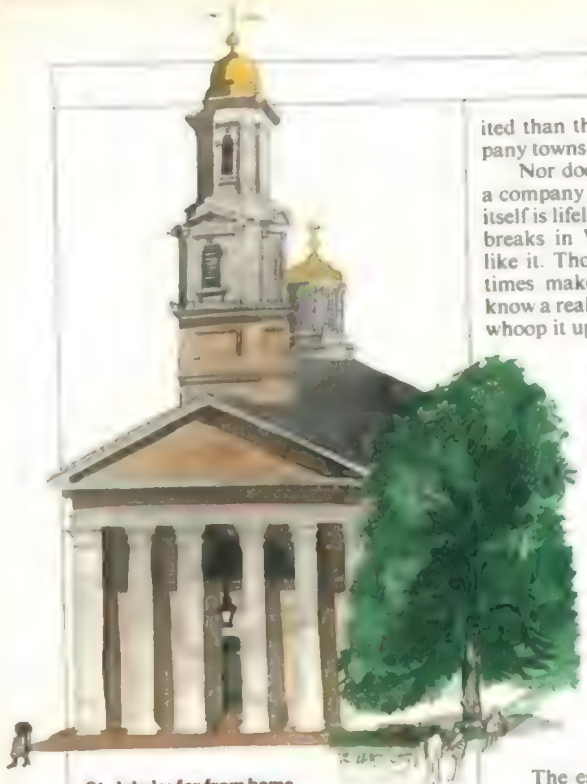
In a sense Washington has shown itself to be the answer to the American nightmare—overstuffed, overpaid, overemployed. Perhaps the national animus against the city has something to do with the country's disappointment and/or frustration with itself. Maybe Washington is not out of touch with the rest of the country. Maybe the rest of the country is out of touch with itself.

And maybe, too, Washington is not quite as bad as it is made out.

Everyone would agree that incompetent federal employees should be fired, for example, but you do not hear much talk about the invaluable civil servants who do hold agencies together. There are tens of thousands of skilled, devoted, diligent workers on whom the entire machinery of Government depends, and who in total anonymity have saved the neck of many a Cabinet officer and President. As for the high pay, a veteran Treasury Department manager admits that "the less competent people in Government make too much money, far more than they would be making anywhere else." But he adds, "The really good people in Government are not making as much as they should. And Government is like any other place: a relatively few people carry all the rest."

Blair House: for visiting heads-of-state

There is another side to the complaint against lobbyists too. Many lobbyists do regard their breed as a "separate branch of Government," but rather than being ashamed of that fact, they see their branch as the only one that works. Peter Jay, Great Britain's former ambassador, admires Washington for the very reason that it is an open "marketplace of ideas, of powers, of influence." And many of the most obstructive forces in Washington sincerely be-



St. John's: far from home

lieve that they are acting in the name of the people who condemn them. That certainly goes for Congress. All those Gordian-knotted committees were set up in direct reaction to a time when things like the civil rights bills could be shelved for eternity. That time is often romanticized now. Much is made of the good old smoke-filled rooms. But the smoke-filled rooms did not produce an array of heroes either.

"Don't tie the President's hands!" That was the plea when the President's hands belonged to Franklin Roosevelt. By the time the country ended the Nixon years, the plea had been changed to "Tie the President's hands! Hurry!" So Congress began to assert itself. Young Congressmen have done likewise. "If you want to get along, go along," Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn used to counsel new members. That would be unthinkable now; freshman Congressmen are too obstreperous. Yet if they are refusing to follow the leader these days, perhaps it is because no leader is worth following.

As for the more subjective grievances —that Washingtonians are power mad, detached and dull—it is first of all an impertinent accusation to level at those (and there are more all the time) who live in Washington wholly removed from the power circles. There are plenty of D.C. dentists whose closest contact with the Government is the left incisor of a Senator's niece. But even for those at the heart of the heart of the Government, that element of detachment from one's fellows is neither surprising nor condemnable. Since they are tied to one center, it would be difficult to also be tied to each other. And the conversation that emanates from that center can hardly be any more limited than the conversation of other company towns, say Detroit.

Nor does the fact that Washington is a company town mean that the company itself is lifeless. When a big political event breaks in Washington, there is nothing like it. Those same reporters who sometimes make too much of too little also know a real story when they see one. They whoop it up like prospectors, and the city shines with news. The point is that Washington is very much whatever the rest of the country wants it to be, and if it has turned out to be not quite perfect, it is largely because some old ideas soured, or outlived their time, and some new ideas have not yet been brought under control. Whether the ideas were good or bad, it has always been Washington's lot to respond to them. When cars change shape, Detroit looks pretty much as it always looked. But when the Republic changes shape, the capital city is a brand-new town.

The essential fact about Washington is that it was invented to represent a representative Government. Every time a new President moves in, the city changes dramatically. All those immeasurably powerful Cabinet chiefs, Senators, admirals, ambassadors—they come and go. Thousands of Washingtonians have been wondering if they would continue to be Washingtonians after this week, or revert to Iowans or Oregonians. The city was invented by the people, and it takes its nature from whatever the people wish for it.

If the rest of the country does not like what it sees in its capital city these days, it will eventually change things. As the core of the democracy, Washington will always display the most extreme consequences of popular sovereignty. The citizens who longed for an end to the spoils system now look at some deadheaded, immovable GS-12 and shriek, "But we didn't mean to end up with you!" Of course not. But they did mean someone as different as possible from some political boss's dopey nephew, and up showed the GS-12. It will take more reforming to produce the perfect civil servant or the perfect Congress or the perfect lobby system. But if the urgings are strong enough, Washington will change again.

In a way Washington was doomed to be a hated city from the start. A country with historical inclinations to thumb its nose at Big Government and to mock politicians is not about to embrace the center of Big Government, the politicians' Disney World. Yet sometimes there is the suggestion of an embrace. It occurs in oblique ways, as when aggrieved masses of people march on the city for a cause because Washington is the only place in the country they can yell at. It also occurs every June when some of the brightest and most talented university graduates head for the city that will wholly challenge them.

And the people's affection for the city shows in more indirect circumstances still —in those quiet, unguarded moments when visitors and residents as well set aside words like access and power and amble among the monuments as subconscious patriots. Children are more demonstrative. They shout up at Lincoln's capacious ears, or take the Capitol three steps at a clip, acting as if they owned the place.

They cannot take the Capitol these days. Piles of wood lie on the steps, where workmen are hammering together the viewing stands for the Inauguration. The ceremony will be held on the west side of the building this time. When the President takes his oath of office he will be lined up with the monuments to Washington and Lincoln. After he is sworn in, he will make his way up Constitution Avenue, then veer to the right up Pennsylvania toward the house that Rear Admiral Cockburn could not obliterate.

The city will be bare then—not like now, when autumn continues to languish on the trees, and Lafayette Square is still bright yellow with chrysanthemums. Come January the city will be humming again, and this present quiescence forgotten. Miserable normality will be restored, and the country will glower at its creation. —*By Roger Rosenblatt. Reported by Simmons Fentress/Washington*

Old Ebbitt Grill: flourishing landmark

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Two Ex-Presidents Assess the Job

As the presidential campaign drew to a close, there was increasing concern about the job itself. Has too much power been stripped from the presidency? Alternatively, is the job simply too much for any one man to handle? Should it be streamlined? Reorganized? Aside from the incumbent, only two living Americans can answer from their own experience. One, Richard Nixon, skillfully used the presidential powers in the conduct of foreign policy, though his abuse of those same powers ultimately led to his resignation and to some of the very weakening of the presidency that he decries. The other, Gerald Ford, inherited the office after more than two decades in Congress and performed ably. From their differing perspectives, the two ex-Presidents have written their views for TIME:

Imperiled, Not Imperial

By Gerald R. Ford

Some people used to complain about what they called an "imperial presidency," but now the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction. We have not an imperial presidency but an imperiled presidency. Under today's rules, which include some misguided "reforms," the presidency does not operate effectively. That is a very serious development, and it is harmful to our overall national interests.

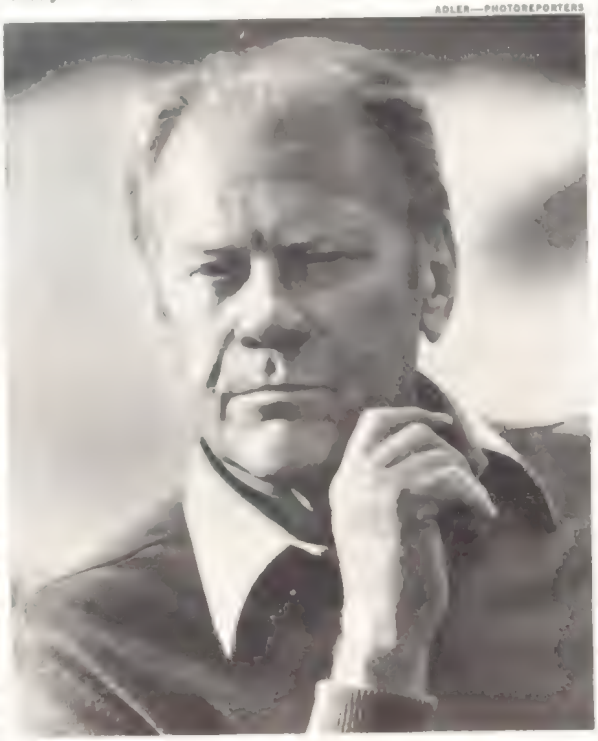
The biggest change since I first went to Washington in 1949 has been the revision in the relationship between the presidency and the Congress. Immediately after World War II the presidency was at a peak; the Congress was very responsive, especially in foreign policy. Today a President really does not have the kind of clout with the Congress that he had 30 years ago, even in matters that affect national security. There is not the kind of teamwork that existed in the '50s, even if the President and a majority of the Congress belong to the same party.

The main reason for this change is the erosion of the leadership in the Congress. Party leaders have lost the power to tell their troops that something is really significant and to get them to respond accordingly. The days of Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson and Everett Dirksen are gone. That has adversely affected the Congress's ability to do things even in very difficult circumstances involving the national interest.

Part of this erosion of the congressional leaders' power has come from the "reform" of the procedures in the Congress. We went on a wild nightmare of reforms, and we really messed up the way the Congress effectively works. You could run down a list of things that have been done under the title of reform, and they all look good, but the net result is that the Congress has really lost its capability to respond. I think all the so-called reforms since the late 1960s ought to be reviewed to see whether or not they have been counterproductive.

The other big problem in Congress is that party responsibility does not have any real meaning any more, and that is tragic. Not that political parties should be free of criticism, but the parties provide a way for the public to see who is good and who is evil and who does a job and who does not do a job. The parties today are really more or less impotent, and if you do not have party responsibility, the system does not work.

The second principal weakness in the presidency is the inability of the White House to maintain control over the large federal bureaucracy. There is nothing more frustrating for a President than to issue an order to a Cabinet officer, and then find that, when the order gets out in the field, it is totally mutilated. I have had that happen to me, and I am sure every other President has had it happen.



ADLER—PHOTOREPORTERS

There are bureaucratic fiefdoms out in the states or in various regions, and the people who occupy those pockets of power want to do things in their own way. They are pros at it. They have been disregarding Presidents for years, both Democratic and Republican. And a President sits in the West Wing of the White House, and he says, "How could that happen?"

It would be helpful if a President could fire somebody when there was an obvious disregard of orders and policy determinations. He should just be able to say, "Mr. Cabinet Officer, this man violated your order and the President's order. He ought to be fired tomorrow." If you did that a couple of times, I think the disregarding of orders would stop.

The solution to that—and a lot of other problems in the imperiled presidency—is to use the Vice President as a real Chief of Staff, both to control the administrative bureaucracy and to see that Administration relations with the Congress really mesh. Having been the Vice President and having been the President, I know that there has to be a better delegation of responsibility between the two offices. I don't care how well intentioned a President or a Vice President is—and I have seen both Democrats and Republicans try to work it out—no Vice President that I have known has been a full partner. The President has always relied much more on his own people. I believe that you have got to take an elected official, a Vice President, and move him right into the West Wing of the White House as the Chief of Staff of the whole Administration.

This would be comparable to what happens in a well-organized business, where you have a chief executive officer and a chief operating officer. The President is the chief executive officer. He makes all the decisions. He signs all the ac-

"Under today's rules, which include some misguided 'reforms,' the presidency does not operate effectively."

tions. He is the final authority. But you then have the Vice President as the chief operating officer. He does not have a separate staff; he runs the White House staff. He manages the White House. He does not make the decisions. It is not a co-presidency, as some people were trying to call it at the time of the Detroit convention last summer. But the Vice President should be in the job of making the Administration work. That is the only way, in my opinion, that you can really make the team of a President and Vice President function efficiently, the only way to avoid all the jealousies, all the inefficiencies, all the conflicts—and they certainly do exist in every Administration.

It can be argued that some Presidents and Vice Presidents do not agree on things, but I think most of the antagonism that has developed arises because the Vice President has not been in the flow of the decision-making process. He has been sitting over in the Executive Office Building across the street, and his staff is jealous of the staff in the West Wing. It is a bad situation. But if you put the Vice President in the flow of things as the Chief of Staff, he would be a part of every decision, not just an adjunct over there waiting for the President to die.

This may seem mainly a technical point, but a presidency really is a combination of the individual President and his staff. I also think that the Congress would respond better if it knew that the Chief of Staff was an elected official rather than just an appointee trying to husband all of the power in the West Wing. That is really resented by members of the Congress.

I want to emphasize the importance of these personal relationships between the White House and the Congress. I think the President has to accept the fact that he must spend more time personally with members of Congress, and he must work with the leaders of both parties to enhance their strength and influence. Members of Congress are important. The President cannot spend too much time with them. (I mean on matters of policy, not just a Congressman bringing in ten of his constituents —you can get overwhelmed with that.) I think a President has to give the leaders in the Congress and influential members of both parties an open door to come and take part in policy decisions. He doesn't have to guarantee that he will do what they say, but at least they have to have the feeling that their views are considered before the fact, and not after. I think that the President just cannot make a decision and then call up the Congress and say, "Give me help." That is unfair. He has got to ask their advice. Even if he does not agree with it, he can then go back and ask for their help, and he would be in a much better position to get results. By strengthening the leadership the President would make the Congress more responsive.

Another important way for the President to exert leadership is through the Cabinet. I am a strong believer in an effective Cabinet. That means that you cannot rely on political flunkies. But if a President has good Cabinet heads, he can delegate a lot of authority. He does not have to get into the minutiae of running the Government. The Cabinet members, on the other hand, ought to have full access to the President. That kind of access can be very important, for example, when a budget is being put together, and decisions are made. There is a tendency on the part of the President to listen mainly to the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. After all, he is there a lot in the Oval Office. But the Cabinet officer must also have access, so he can make his appeal. If you do not give them that kind of personal relationship, then they cannot really do the job on behalf of their departments.

"There is nothing more frustrating than to issue an order and then find that it is totally mutilated."

In a way, that reliance on good people is the only way the President can do his own job well. He has to be a good listener, to be a good analyst of the arguments. And then there is a certain instinctive common sense, good judgment, that is more necessary than almost anything.

A President cannot be an expert on every detail in the economy, every detail in the defense, every detail in foreign policy. He does not have to be a scientist or a computer expert. He has to have good judgment as he listens to the arguments pro and con, as he asks questions of people who are making a presentation. He knows that Mr. A is the best economist he can get, who is objectively giving him the options, or Mr. B is a totally competent Secretary of Defense or Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and will give him without prejudice what the options may be in a military sense. If a President has that, plus his own background in what the problems are, then he only needs good judgment. That's the key, good judgment. Even the most complicated things can be brought down to a denominator where an intelligent man can understand the differences and the options that are available.

There can be conflicts, too, between different officials favoring different options. I myself liked to have a consensus developed before a problem came to my desk for decision, but then I reserved the right to go behind that consensus to find out what the differing views were in the process. In that way I got a feel as to whether it was just a weak compromise or whether it was a legitimate one that provided the best answer. You can have compromises that just destroy the arguments on either the right or the left, and that is a pretty poor policy. On the other hand, you can have a good consensus where things actually mesh.

"The solution is to use the Vice President as a real Chief of Staff. Move him right into the White House."

It's a hard job being President—but despite all the talk about the heavy burdens, the job is not too big for any one man. I get sick and tired of hearing people say you ought to have two Presidents. I don't have any sympathy for that argument. Don't misunderstand me. It is a job that takes about twelve to 14 hours a day. But what is wrong with that? The President of the United States ought to be willing to spend that kind of time. Anybody who walks in there thinking he can punch a time clock at 9 in the morning and leave at 5 has got another thought coming. We do not elect Presidents who want that kind of a life.

There is a lot of wasted motion, of course. The worst waste is that there are an awful lot of perfunctory, ceremonial things that have to be done. They take up about 15% to 20% of a President's time—more in election years. But I guess they have to be done. After all, if they are not done, the public gets the wrong perception of the President, that he is behind the walls of the West Wing of the White House and he does not want to meet the people. But if you look at it from a cost-benefit ratio of time spent, he ought to be spending his time on the business that just keeps flowing in and out of the Oval Office.

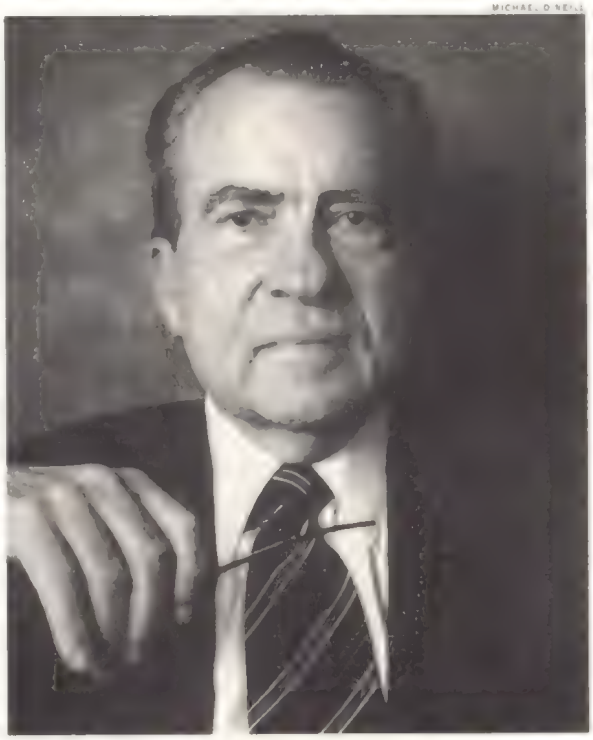
On any specific issue the President needs to know the facts, get the best information, so that he can make the decision and then lead from there. I do not think a President should run the country on the basis of the polls. The public in so many cases does not have a full comprehension of the complexity of a problem. A President ought to listen to people, but he cannot make hard decisions just by reading the polls once a week. It just does not work, and what the President ought to do is make the hard decisions and then go out and educate the people on why a decision that was not necessarily popular was made. It can be done, and it has to be. That is what it means to be a leader. ■

Needed: Clarity of Purpose

By Richard M. Nixon

At least for the balance of this century, the survival of freedom and peace in the world will depend on the strength and effectiveness of the American presidency.

This may sound melodramatic. But it happens to be the truth. It lends added point to the perennial debates about whether the basic constitutional structure of the office should be "modernized." Certainly we should consider such proposals as limiting the President to a single six-year term, or creating a second vice presidency to assist with day-to-day oversight of the Executive Branch. However, while we can dream about tinkering with the constitutional arrangements, the fact of the matter is that whoever is President for the next four years will have to deal with the office as it is—including all of its frustrations, its limitations and its demands.



Any major institutional changes are not going to take place in the near future, and unless we master the needs of the presidency in the near future, there may not be a distant future.

Some say we are entering a period of collective leadership in the West—that because the United States has lagged in economic growth and lost its military supremacy, we are going to have to consult our more prosperous allies and defer to them in the search for a Western consensus. This is nonsense. Consult, of course. But unless the United States leads, nobody will. And unless the President leads, nobody will.

There are three keys to an effective presidency. To succeed, a President must succeed at all three. He must 1) analyze, 2) decide and 3) persuade.

The fact that we face a challenge to the nation's very survival gives special urgency in the '80s to the power to persuade —to rally the nation to meet the challenge. This is more than a matter of political and managerial skills, and more than being able to communicate well on television. It also requires a driving vision of where the nation is and where it should be heading, and why. It requires a clear, compelling purpose, from which presidential priorities then flow logically. This is central to an effective presidency: the vision, the sense of direction, to see the map whole and to chart the basic course without leading the country aimlessly on one detour after another.

It is not enough simply to "manage," examining each set of choices in a philosophical vacuum. The President's central principles must be there, they must be consistent, and they must be clearly seen. His own staff, his Administration, Congress, the press and public all need from him a clear indication of what he considers important; of his values, his priorities, and the directions in which he seeks to lead the nation and the world. Whether his direction is right or wrong, it is essential to the debate that it be visible, and that it bear a logical relationship to his other policies and programs.

No President gets his own way all the time, or should. Democracy is a process of give and take. But a President who does have a clear sense of direction provides the steady compass by which policymakers can steer. He may have to trade off a dam here for a missile base there, or an agricultural subsidy for a few crucial treaty votes in the Senate. But there will at least be a basic consistency, and a conscious awareness of how and why he deliberately chooses to vary the course, to avoid this shoal or take advantage of that prevailing political wind. Then policymaking ceases to be an exercise in the abstract, or a matter of rootless, drifting pragmatism. Intellectual discipline returns to it, and arguments once more have a focus and coherence that give edge to the process of public debate.

Many analysts—including, recently, Carter Counsel Lloyd Cutler—have argued that the separation of powers has itself become a formula for stalemate between President and Congress. Stalemate often results, but it does not have to. If a President is sufficiently forceful, sufficiently sound in his policies and sure of his purpose, and able to take his argument persuasively to the people, Congress will go along a good deal of the time. You do end up in stalemate when those at neither end of Pennsylvania Avenue know what they really want; when, at both ends, officials and lawmakers are wallowing in symbols and photo opportunities and other media gimmicks, trying to ride a poll or catch a headline.

If we have Government by poll, we hardly need a President. We can simply feed the Gallup and Harris results into a computer and let laws and appropriations come out the other end. We need a President precisely because we need leadership that rises above the polls, that educates the public and leads public opinion rather than following public prejudice.

The greatness of a President is measured not by his ability to determine what is popular and get it enacted into law, but by his ability to take what may appear to be unpopular positions—which he believes to be right—and to make them popular. This becomes especially crucial as we enter a period in which both sacrifice and risk are necessary—but in which the risks of inaction are greater than the risks of action.

The presidency is in many ways a very flexible office. To a considerable degree, the occupant can organize it the way he chooses. But certain pressures and constraints act to mold it as well. For example, both Presidents Ford and Carter insisted at the outset that they were not going to have White House "Chiefs of Staff." Then each learned the hard way that one was needed, and each named one.

Sherman Adams used to be called "the abominable no-man," because part of his job was to say no to the people that Eisenhower either could not or would not see. Bob Haldeman got very much the same reputation in the Nixon White House. But the plain fact is that a President needs an abominable no-man if his time is to be organized effectively so that he can get done the things that he has to get done—and especially if he is to have the uncluttered time in his schedule that he needs in order to think.

Of all the duties Presidents have, none is more important than thinking, and none is less appreciated by those who measure presidential activity by flurries of paper or items on the appointment schedule.

If power is to be exercised effectively, it has to be exercised

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Environmental activist Bela Kerecz:

"Bethlehem Steel is going to dump millions of gallons of this polluted water into Baltimore's waste water treatment plant.

"The city's all for it."

"It's a real success story," says Bela Kerecz, a pollution abatement engineer in Bethlehem Steel's research department.

Bob Mohr, plant manager of Baltimore's huge Back River waste water treatment plant, calls it "A unique example of government and industry cooperation."

What they're talking about is how a waste product called "pickle liquor" is going to solve an environmental problem—and save millions of dollars for both Bethlehem and the City of Baltimore.

Everyone benefits

Bob Mohr explains: "Federal and state laws require cities to limit phosphorus in the treated waste water they discharge. They also require Bethlehem Steel to properly dispose of spent acid water, or pickle liquor, which results from making sheet steel.

"By using Bethlehem's pickle liquor to reduce the phosphate level, the City of Baltimore will save the cost of chemicals needed with conventional methods. And Bethlehem will eliminate the need for an acid-reclamation plant, a major capital expenditure."

More government/industry cooperation needed

This pickle liquor project is what government/industry cooperation should be all about: *working together to protect public health at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers and to industry.*

Bethlehem's policy is to work with state and Federal agencies toward developing and implementing cost-effective environmental control programs.

However, Bethlehem believes that some regulations are overly restrictive or have requirements that are not realistic. For example, does it make good economic and energy sense to require industry to "purify" the air and water beyond what is necessary to protect public health?

Our position is clearly explained in our booklet, *Steelmaking and the Environment,* which includes our *Statement on Environmental Quality Control.* If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476, Martin Tower, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem

How pickle liquor solves the problem

Bela Kerecz, one of Bethlehem Steel's thousand employees active in our environmental control program, explains "Pickle liquor contains iron sulphate. We knew that under properly controlled conditions the iron would combine with the phosphate in the waste water to form insoluble iron phosphate. The iron phosphate, in turn, would settle as a solid which could be disposed of readily. The small amount of dilute acid in the pickle liquor would be neutralized by the normal alkalinity of the treated waste water.

"In 1978, a four-month-long cooperative experiment, conducted at Baltimore's Back River waste water treatment facility, was successful and led to the signing of an agreement between our Sparrows Point Plant and the City of Baltimore."

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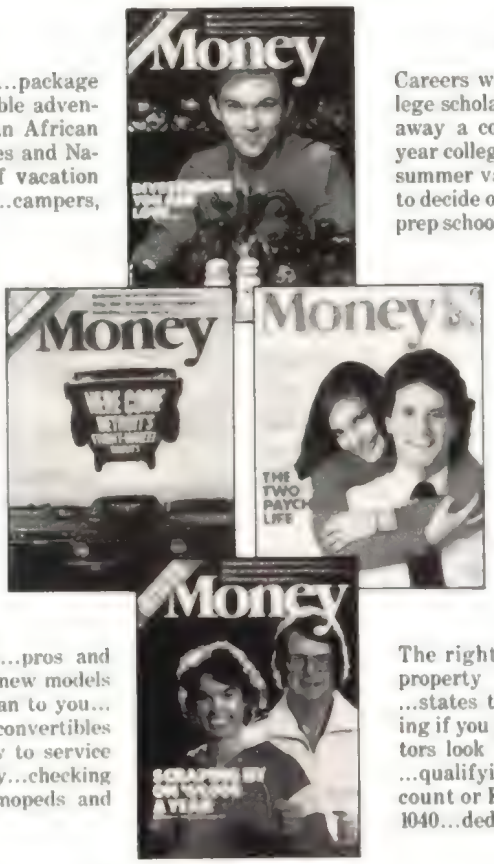

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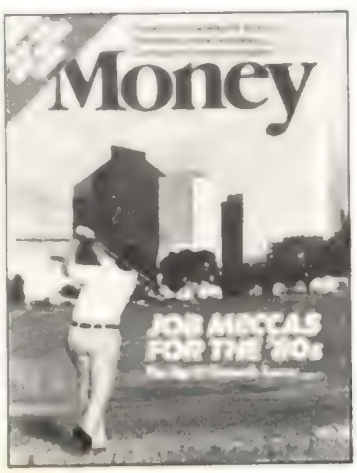

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"Unless we master the needs of the presidency in the near future, there may not be a distant future."

selectively. A President cannot squander his energies, his attention and his ability to make things happen on the trivial without slighting the important.

This is one of the reasons we should trim down the functions of the Federal Government —stripping away decisions that do not have to be made in Washington, and placing the power of decision with states, localities and the private sector. This also argues, paradoxically, for limiting the size of the White House staff. Staffs develop functions; staff members acquire staffs of their own; these multiply functions further. If you want to trim back the functions, one place to begin is by trimming back the staffs.

With large staffs, you also get too many people who glory in the reaction on the other end of the telephone line when a secretary says, "The White House is calling." It is not "the White House" calling; it is some particular person who happens to work at the White House, and who may or may not be calling with the President's authorization. The bigger the staff, the greater the likelihood that this will be abused—and also the more internal rivalries, jealousies and feuds, which tend to expand as the little empires expand.

In a simpler, less threatening past, America could dally with notions of "congressional" government—with the theory that a President's role was to follow the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives in the Congress. But Congress is not equipped, institutionally, to respond to the challenges that face the United States abroad. As De Gaulle once commented to André Malraux, parliaments can paralyze policy, but they cannot initiate it.

Neither is it realistic to expect "Cabinet" government, as theorists often advocate it. British-style Cabinet government is a creature of the parliamentary system. British Cabinet members are themselves of the legislature, and the Cabinet does make decisions as a collective body. In this country, every new President takes office promising a strong Cabinet of independent members, and some new Presidents take office really believing this promise. But each soon learns that there have to be limits on the individual Cabinet members' independence, and that the Cabinet as a collective body is not suited to decision making. He must have strong, able people in his Cabinet, who can manage their departments well and give him sound advice. But each department is a separate fiefdom; if there is to be coherence and direction to the Administration's policies, the President has to impose that direction from the top, cutting across the often conflicting interests of the various departments. The President must, of course, consult his Cabinet members, just as he consults the leaders of Congress. But on the larger questions only he can decide; only he can lead.

Today, even the classic argument between the proponents of "presidential government" and "congressional government" is itself being eclipsed by the rising power of the news media, especially television. Television has transformed the presidential office and also the governmental process. This is dangerous and potentially disastrous. Congress may be fractionated; it may speak in a cacophonous babble with the voices of 535 separate constituencies; but at least its structure is built around the serious consideration of questions of public policy.

"Of all the duties Presidents have, none is more important than thinking, and none is less appreciated."

Not so television. Television is a show-business medium. The evening news is a series of minidramas. But real life is not played out in such minidramas, and the real choices the President and Congress face are not framed in such neat, capsulized ways. More often than not, what is emotionally appealing—and therefore dramatically captivating—is intellectually vacuous and substantively wrong. What makes good television often makes bad policy.

Because of the pervasive impact of television, the actions of Presidents are directed increasingly toward the omnipresent cameras, and confined within the distorting prism of television news. Public debate is conducted increasingly in slogans and one-liners.

All this puts a heightened premium on "symbols." Symbols and substance are both important, but for a President to confuse the two can be ruinous. He has to use symbols and symbolism—but not as ends in themselves and not as a substitute for substance.

At the same time, television is a fact of life, and a President in the '80s will have to use television effectively in order to govern effectively. The challenge will be to find a way to use it that enlightens rather than obfuscates.

The powers potentially at a President's disposal are awesome, but they also are limited. They are limited by the Constitution, by statute, by custom, and by what may be politically, diplomatically or militarily possible in any given situation. But we need a strong presidency for the '80s. This need transcends party, personality and ideology. It does not mean an "imperial" presidency. But it does mean that whoever holds the office must be prepared and permitted to wield its powers boldly when necessary—and also that he must be both astute and discriminating in recognizing when such action is necessary.

"Television has transformed the presidential office. This is dangerous and potentially disastrous."

It is a mistake for a President to go too far in trying to show the "common touch." He is not just another man-in-the-street, and if he tries to appear like one, he is going to see his power diminished. Perceptions of power become like self-fulfilling prophecies. It is also a mistake for a President to try too much to be "loved." The desire to be loved is understandable, but more important is that he be respected.

Like nature, power abhors a vacuum. If a President fails to exercise power effectively, others are going to exercise it in his stead; and if America fails to exercise it effectively, other nations are going to exercise it in our stead. In the '80s, the alternative to the effective exercise of American power is the unchecked exercise of Soviet power.

The next President has to be able to concert the nation's energies, to coordinate its responses, so that its resources—material and spiritual—can be summoned forth effectively to meet the challenge of international lawlessness generally and Soviet ambitions particularly. He has to raise a standard to which free people will rally, not only to defend their own freedom but to extend it throughout the world.

To do this, he must be able to crystallize our purposes, and he must not shrink from the exercise of power.

Essentially, the presidency is a vehicle for the exercise of power. We choose Presidents to make things happen. Their success or failure depends on the clarity of their purposes, on their skill, and also on luck. Generally, however, successful Presidents are those who best choose the purposes for which power should be exercised, and who most effectively exercise it in the service of those purposes. This is simple to say, difficult to do —but it can be done. ■

PERSIAN GULF

A Bloody Stalemate

Arab unity shatters as Iraq's invasion meets stiff resistance

As the war between Iraq and Iran raged into its seventh week, there were few signs that a decisive victory or a cease-fire would soon end the fighting. After seizing control of Khorramshahr on the disputed Shatt al Arab waterway, Iraqi troops mercilessly pounded the besieged refinery city of Abadan with artillery and tank fire. But fierce resistance by Iranian army troops, Revolutionary Guards and urban guerrillas halted the invaders at a key bridge over the Karun River, north of the embattled city. As the Iraqis shelled other major towns in oil-rich Khuzistan province, Iran struck back at enemy positions with Phantom jet and helicopter attacks. Tehran radio broadcasts claimed that Iranian ground troops had pushed the Iraqis back on the northern fringes of the 500-mile invasion front. The week's grim work left hundreds dead on both sides. Houses, schools and mosques lay in ruins. Vital oil pipelines were shattered and gnarled, while plumes of thick black smoke rose over burning refineries.

For all the battlefield carnage and destruction, the most conspicuous political casualty of the war may be the cause of Arab unity. The conflict has created a tangled skein of improbable alliances and rivalries. Saudi Arabia, Jordan and the conservative oil sheikdoms of the gulf are aligned with radically socialist Iraq; Libya and Syria, which have predominantly Sunni Muslim populations, have sided with Iran, a non-Arab nation of Shi'ite Muslims. Last week these tensions within the Arab world reached a critical point.

Following a series of bitter verbal attacks by Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi, Saudi Arabia abruptly severed diplomatic relations with Tripoli. Gaddafi had charged the Saudis with "desecrating" Islam's sacred shrines in Mecca by allowing U.S. AWACS surveillance planes to fly protective reconnaissance missions over the country's oilfields. The radical Libyan leader also called for a pan-Islamic jihad, or holy war, to "liberate the house of God in Mecca"—in effect, an incitement to overthrow the Saudi government. Saudi Arabia's normally placid King Khalid angrily denounced Gaddafi as "a Muslim outcast who deserves God's wrath" and as "a spearhead of Israel against Islam." The latter charge was both insulting and ludicrous, in light of Gaddafi's vehement hostility to Israel.

The polarization of the Arab world has cast a pall over a planned 20th anniversary celebration for the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Originally scheduled to be held in Baghdad this month, the event was canceled two weeks ago because of the hostilities. The war also dimmed prospects for an Arab League summit meeting, planned for Nov. 25 in Amman. Seven Arab foreign ministers gathered in the Jordanian capital last week to draw up an agenda, but produced little more than vague declarations on the need for "pan-Arab good will."

No one was more eager to save the summit than its prospective host, Jordan's King Hussein. Returning from a two-day trip to Baghdad last week—his second since the war's outbreak—the Hashemite King said that he was "distressed that other Arab states have hesitated to rally behind Iraq with all their potential." Hussein repeated his pledge of "full support" for Baghdad—including a largely rhetorical offer to send Jordanian troops. Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein politely declined the offer, saying that "Iraq needs no such assistance." The refusal was met with relief throughout Jordan, where there are widespread fears that the King may have gone too far in his advocacy of the Iraqi cause.

More cautious than Hussein, the leaders of Saudi Arabia and the gulf sheikdoms have nonetheless persisted in their muted support of Baghdad. They also remain worried lest a resumption of American military spare parts shipments could tilt the war in Tehran's favor and invite Soviet intervention. Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates warned last week that any U.S. supply efforts on Iran's behalf could force them to rescind plans to boost oil production by more than 1 million bbl. per day to help make up for the loss of oil deliveries from Iran and Iraq. The Saudis have already pushed their production from 9.5 million to 10 million bbl. per day; Kuwait has followed suit by raising its daily production from 1.4 million bbl. to 1.8 million bbl., while Abu Dhabi increased its daily output by 50,000 bbl.

Twisted pipelines at Abadan's burning refinery

Cutting off the oil flow to the Iranian heartland.

Despite these efforts to compensate for the world's oil shortfall, industry specialists expect prices to begin edging up on the spot market. One reason: Royal Dutch/Shell Group will have to turn to that source to make up for 250,000 bbl. in lost Iraqi deliveries. It had hoped to wangle some crude from Aramco, the Saudi-U.S. oil consortium. But Saudi Arabia's Petroleum Minister, Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, made it clear in London last week that none of the extra output would be available to Royal Dutch/Shell. The preferred customers for the increased Saudi and gulf states production will be those countries hit hardest by the Iraqi shortfall, including France, Japan, India and Brazil. Yamani ordered Aramco to sell the additional crude at the originally contracted Iraqi price of $32 per bbl., which is $2 above the Saudi price.

Moscow, meanwhile, is wary of the ambitious Saddam and fears that a decisive Iraqi victory might lead to the downfall of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini and the return of a pro-American

regime, perhaps as the result of a military coup.* Moscow has therefore limited its aid to Baghdad to the minimum requirements of the 1972 Soviet-Iraqi friendship treaty while trying to shore up its relations with Tehran. Explains a senior State Department official: "The Soviets want to play both sides against the middle for as long as they can, and their dilemmas are even more complicated than our own in some ways."

No dilemmas are likely to be resolved by any imminent breakthrough on the battlefield. On the contrary, the initial Iraqi drive into Iran's Khuzistan province has long since bogged down, and Western military analysts now see the prospect of a protracted stalemate.

In preparation for the long rainy season that begins this month, the Iraqis continued construction of an all-weather military road linking Khuzistan's provincial capital of Ahwaz with the outskirts of Basra on the Shatt al Arab estuary. The Iraqis were also proceeding toward one of their key tactical goals: cutting off most of the supply of oil from Khuzistan to Iran's heartland by severing pipelines and inflicting heavy damage on the huge refinery at Abadan, which will take years to rebuild. As part of this strategy, the Iraqis have repeatedly shelled Dezful, nexus for most of the oil pipelines running northward from Khuzistan. The Tehran government has already been forced to ration gasoline and heating oil, and reserves of jet fuel are dwindling.

But why had the Iraqi surprise attack bogged down? Military analysts had several answers. One was that the Iraqis were following a plodding, Soviet-inspired strategy requiring large quantities of cumbersome matériel that hampered rapid troop movements. Another was that the overconfident Iraqis had misjudged Iran's capacity to resist and had prepared themselves only for a brief blitzkrieg. A further Iraqi miscalculation was to assume that the Khomeini regime would crumble at the first military attack because of internal dissensions.

Iran's military inertia is the result of an army desperately short on manpower, spare parts and ammunition. A whole layer of professional commanders, eliminated by Khomeini's revolution, is sorely missed. Moreover, say military analysts, the Iranians consistently squander what supplies they have. Notes Philippe Rondot, a French Middle East expert: "They shoot at everything, firing as many missiles and bullets as they have. It's like a military orgy."

Tehran has not yet managed to launch a major counteroffensive, but Iranian ground troops have reportedly driven the Iraqis back at some points. Said a senior Iranian military officer: "As you go north from Abadan, our position steadily improves. From Ilam all the way to Baveysi we have the initiative and the Iraqis have been regularly falling back." Iranian sources said last week that most of the 1 million residents of the Khuzistan cities under Iraqi attack had reportedly fled either to central Iran or to nearby mountain refuges. One farfetched rumor had it that if the Iraqis captured Ahwaz, the Iranians would then open the gates of the 666-ft.-high dam on the Dez River near Dezful, thereby flooding much of the low-lying plains of Khuzistan.

Neither oil shortages nor military setbacks appear to have dampened Khomeini's stubborn resolve to continue the fight. Addressing members of the Iranian parliament at a mosque near Tehran last week, the 80-year-old revolutionary leader angrily declared that "peace is not acceptable" with Iraq. Saddam's crimes were "incomparable in history," thundered Khomeini, and there could be no compromise until the Iraqi leader "repents and says 'I have become a Muslim.' "

Iraqi Foreign Minister Saadoun Hammadi, meanwhile, spelled out his country's tough position in a letter to United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim. The war had begun, he asserted, when Iran had shelled Iraqi border posts on Sept. 4. The subsequent Iraqi invasion was merely an act of "preventive self-defense." The territory now occupied by Iraq constituted "the necessary positions for defense," Hammadi said, adding ominously that "there may be better positions forward." He insisted that there could be no withdrawal until Iran recognized all of Iraq's territorial claims, including sovereignty over the Shatt al Arab estuary. The only possible solution to the conflict, said the Iraqi diplomat, would be a U.N.-sponsored cease-fire immediately followed by negotiations to adjust the boundaries "in a final manner." The Iranians, who have refused all negotiations while Baghdad's soldiers remain on their soil, were indignant over the Iraqi letter. Railed one senior Iranian civil servant: "We shall see how much insolence Saddam retains when we put him on trial as a war criminal."

With both sides clinging to apparently irreconcilable positions, there seemed little hope that any peace initiatives could break the deadlock. The U.N. Security Council met last week to discuss the war for the seventh time, but failed to devise a cease-fire resolution. Meanwhile, a "good-will mission" sponsored by the nonaligned nations visited the warring capitals to seek possible ways out of the impasse. At week's end there were no signs that the delegation was succeeding where all previous mediation efforts had failed. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by William Drozdiak/Baghdad and William Stewart/Beirut*

Libya's Gaddafi: "liberation" of Mecca

Saudi King Khalid: an outraged break with Tripoli

Jordan's Hussein: "full support" for Baghdad

A tangled skein of alliances and rivalries

*From his home in exile in Egypt, Reza Pahlavi, the elder son of the late Shah, last week marked his 20th birthday by proclaiming himself Shah of Iran and calling on his countrymen to join forces in ending the "nightmare" wrought by the Iraqi invasion and the revolution that ousted his father from the Peacock Throne.

JAMAICA

Voting Under the Gun

Mayhem and poverty figure in Seaga's big win

Supporters rang brass bells in celebration. Swooning youths snaked through dances of joy. Party workers tearfully embraced one another. With a sobriety that contrasted with the noisy jubilation all around him, Edward P.G. Seaga, leader of the Jamaica Labor Party, emerged into the spotlight at his Kingston campaign headquarters and claimed "the most dramatic electoral victory in the history of the country." Unlike much of the preceding campaign's rhetoric, this was no exaggeration.

The low-keyed former financial expert had just handed a devastating defeat to Prime Minister Michael N. Manley, the buoyant leader of the People's National Party. In a reversal of the landslide Manley won in the past two elections, the final count might give the Labor Party 51 of the 60 seats in the country's Parliament, a gain of 38 over the 1976 election. The People's Party was reduced from 47 to a mere 9. With that, the island nation had taken a sharp turn in its political course: away from Manley's pro-Cuban "democratic socialism" toward Seaga's pro-U.S. conservatism.

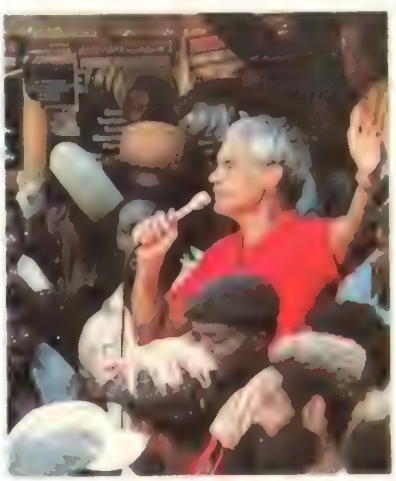
Joyous supporters hoist Seaga aloft after his victory

Since Seaga is a former official of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, the outcome also seemed to be a vote of confidence in his ability to attract foreign investment. In his victory statement, in fact, Seaga said his first order of business would be to restore economic growth. And while he insisted that there would be no break in relations with Havana, he left little doubt that he planned to alter Jamaica's foreign policy. He asked the Cuban Ambassador, who had been accused of meddling in Jamaican affairs, to leave the island forthwith.

Seaga's landslide victory climaxed the most divisive and bloody campaign experienced by the island since it became independent from Britain in 1962. Fierce party loyalties divided the black ghettos of Kingston block by block, and many on both sides took to carrying guns. One of the casualties was Roy McGann, 43, a junior Cabinet minister and People's Party candidate for re-election, who happened to drive near a Labor Party rally; a fracas broke out, and McGann was shot and killed. Officials estimated that more than 500 people have been killed this year in fratricidal bloodletting.

On election day, steel-helmeted army troops, backed up by armored cars and helicopters, guarded polling places and patrolled the streets. Nonetheless, the gunfire echoed through the tough slums of Kingston all day long. The Kingston Public Hospital, located in the center of the trouble, took in a dozen casualties. One young man, who had allegedly tried to steal a ballot box, had nearly been decapitated by a machete. The casualty toll just for the ten-hour polling period: three killed and 20 wounded.

The breeding ground of resentment and the dominant issue throughout the campaign was the country's dire economic crisis. One-third of the work force is unemployed, inflation is running at 30%, and the country's lack of foreign exchange is so acute that sugar, cooking oil, soap and rice are sometimes impossible to buy. Food shortages, in fact, provided Seaga with a key theme. "We are in a country that produces sugar, and you can't get a bowl of sugar." The election soon boiled down to a choice between proffered economic solutions: Manley's Third World socialism *vs.* Seaga's Western-backed free-enterprise monetarism. A cascade of reckless rhetoric from both parties also tried to turn the election into a false battleground between "godless Communism" and "sinister fascism." Manley's followers claimed that the CIA was supporting Seaga and covertly supplying him with arms, while Seaga's supporters characterized Manley as a closet revolutionary who would turn the island into another Cuba.



Manley at rally in Morant Bay

A breeding ground of resentment

In the end it was clear that the voters blamed Manley for the country's economic morass. During his eight years as Prime Minister, the handsome, magnetic Manley, 55, scion of the island's most prominent political family, had made some significant contributions to Jamaica: a minimum wage, free education, equal pay for women, newly built health centers and 40,000 units of low-income housing. But endemic poverty remained, and critics charged his administration with woeful mismanagement. His warm *abrazo* for Fidel Castro frightened the middle class as well as foreign investors. Soon Jamaica found itself with a severe brain drain and an inability to finance the increased cost of oil imports.

A Harvard graduate (in sociology), Seaga, 50, spent several years in a rural part of Jamaica studying child development and also wrote a book on the island's spiritualist cults. At the age of 29 he became the youngest member of the legislature, where at the time he was considered more leftist than Manley. He held Cabinet posts in both the Labor governments that ruled from 1962 to 1972; as Finance Minister he earned a reputation as a tough administrator, especially in plugging tax loopholes. He and his wife Mitsy, a former Miss Jamaica, have three children.

Last week Seaga dismissed accusations that over the years have painted him alternately as a Communist and a fascist. "The fact of the matter is that I am very much in the center," he said. His most immediate problem, he explained, would be to renegotiate the country's $1.5 billion debt and deal with the country's virtual bankruptcy. As to warnings of continued violence, he expressed optimism that he would be able to bind the nation's wounds. "Once the decision has been made," he said, "the people who are the losers usually move out of the way because they don't have anything to fight for any more." —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Bernard Diederich and William McWhirter/Kingston*

Photographs by Reininger—Contact

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POLAND

Moscow Cracks the Whip

The new unions may be pushing their luck too far

It was, reported Tass, "a friendly working visit at the invitation of the [Communist Party] Central Committee and the Soviet government." Indeed, Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev was all smiles as he greeted his Polish counterpart, Stanislaw Kania, at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport last week. But the joviality was strictly for the cameras. Kania and Prime Minister Jozef Pinkowski had been summoned to the Kremlin for a down-to-earth strategy discussion of how the Warsaw government was going to deal with the demands of *Solidarnosc* (Solidarity), the umbrella organization for Poland's new independent unions. Angrily rejecting a Warsaw court's decision to incorporate a statement of Communist Party supremacy into Solidarity's charter, union members were threatening new strikes that could bring the labor movement into a fateful confrontation with Kania's government.

Brezhnev's summons was ominously reminiscent of the 1968 Czechoslovak crisis. Twelve years ago, Brezhnev "invited" Prague's party boss Alexander Dubček to explain what the Soviet Politburo regarded as his excessively flexible internal policies. Then as now, tame Soviet satellites in the East bloc rhetorically denounced liberalization as the work of counterrevolutionary forces. Three weeks after Dubček and the Soviets reached an apparent compromise, 200,000 Warsaw Pact troops invaded Czechoslovakia.

Kania, to be sure, is no Dubček. And with 85,000 Soviet troops bogged down in Afghanistan, the Kremlin at this stage seems unlikely to attempt a potentially bloody military intervention in Poland that would shatter the last fragments of détente with the West. Still, the clear implication of the Moscow meeting was that the Polish regime better get the upstart unions under control—or else. "I imagine that Kania and Pinkowski were left in no doubt that the danger of invasion has increased," said a foreign ministry expert in Bonn. "The combination of union defiance and inner-party turmoil is horrifying to the Soviets."

East Germany, which has been the Soviet Union's snarling surrogate all through the Polish turbulence, was rhetorically more truculent than ever last week. In a slap at the unions and their supporters, Party Boss Erich Honecker charged that "antisocialist forces are undertaking subversive activities" in Poland. Vowed he: "We promise help to genuine Polish patriots in their efforts to stabilize the situation." Next day, East Germany imposed tight restrictions on trips to and from Poland, ending eight years of visa-free travel between the two countries.

Solidarity had raised Soviet hackles when it proclaimed Nov. 12 "a day of strike alert." This amounted to a threat of selective strikes unless progress is made on eleven union demands, most notably a rewording of its charter. Two weeks ago, a Warsaw district court granted Solidarity's request for legal recognition, apparently ending a monthlong impasse caused by the union's refusal to stipulate in its charter the "leading role" of the Communist Party. But then the court unilaterally amended the charter to include the clause on party supremacy.

Outraged by the legal legerdemain, militant union members urged a strong response, even another general strike. This drastic course was opposed by most members of Solidarity's coordinating committee, which convened last week in Gdansk, the shipbuilding city where the strikes began in August. Committee members favored a court appeal of the charter language, while continuing to press the government on other demands. Said Attorney Sila Nowicki, one of the union's legal advisers: "If we declare a general strike, it's like pulling out a pistol. The government has not threatened us. In fact, they've treated us with respect."

Solidarity's leaders summoned Pinkowski to Gdansk, but later consented to meet with him in Warsaw. After the daylong session last Friday, the government promised a decision on the charter wording by Nov. 10—two days before the "strike alert." The authorities also agreed in principle to let the union start its own newspaper and to give it access to television.

The dispute over strategy underscored a growing division between moderates and militants in Solidarity. The militants have held the upper hand so far, thanks to the prestige of the Gdansk contingent. Lech Walesa, the union leader, usually pushes for a moderate approach, but then quickly switches sides if the militants are adamant. Says one union insider: "He's ready to compromise, but he's afraid to lose his grip on the workers."

Solidarity's militants seem oblivious to the danger that they may be risking Soviet intervention by pushing Kania's government to the wall. They also appear unimpressed by arguments that the strike threats, if carried out, could lead Poland to the brink of economic disaster, as statistics suggest. The ministry of mining reported that 1980 coal production will be 10 million metric tons less than the 200 million mined last year; even with the diversion of some exportable tonnage to domestic uses, there will be electricity cutbacks this winter. In recent weeks Poland has suffered from shortages of such staples as potatoes, sugar, flour and butter. All of which means that Kania's government may find it virtually impossible to carry out the basic reforms it promised the workers. "It makes sense to insist that the government fulfill its pledges, especially the economic ones," says a Kremlinologist in Bonn. "But squeezing too hard can be explosive. The union's present tactics amount to an open invitation to a crackdown." —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Barry Kalb/Warsaw*

Prime Minister Pinkowski (left) and Union Leader Walesa shake hands at Warsaw meeting

Trying to win concessions without squeezing too hard and forcing a crackdown

ZIMBABWE

Fractious Land of Promise

A murder trial obscures an infant country's solid progress

A cortege of mourners had just filed along the dusty village street and assembled inside a modest frame house for the funeral of a local official of Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) party. Suddenly an armed band of renegades attacked the group. A hand grenade was lobbed inside the house, and the walls were raked with a hail of automatic fire from Soviet-made AK-47s. Four of the mourners were killed; 16 were wounded.

The shootout at Dzivarasekwa Township last week was one of the violent encounters between rival remnants of guerrilla armies that all too regularly have continued to mar the peace of independent Zimbabwe. Coming when it did, it added to the tension already surrounding the murder trial of Cabinet Minister Edgar Tekere that begins in Salisbury this week. The manner in which the trial of the radical and powerful Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development is conducted, and its eventual outcome, will be widely regarded as a crucial test of Mugabe's control over his promising, but fractious, young country. Said Sir Roy Welensky, former Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland: "The world will be watching the outcome of this trial."

Tekere, one of the most prominent black nationalists in southern Africa, and seven heavily armed bodyguards were picked up in August, after his blue Jaguar was seen speeding away from a large farming estate outside Salisbury. Only minutes before, Gerald William Adams, 68, a white farm manager, had been gunned down in a daring afternoon raid, while calling for help on his emergency radio. After his arrest, Tekere was held in Chikurubi Prison for a fortnight and released on $75,000 bail. Maximum possible sentence if convicted at his trial: death by hanging.

Mugabe has been at pains to dismiss any notions that his government will also be on trial (*see box*). He has insisted that pure justice will be done. But no matter how the trial turns out, it seems certain to confront Mugabe with a no-win dilemma. If Tekere is convicted, it would bolster confidence in the Mugabe government's commitment to the rule of law. But a conviction would also have its hidden dangers. It would be likely to enrage Tekere's numerous and fiercely loyal guerrilla followers as well as his radical supporters within ZANU. As it is, many of those party militants regularly attack Mugabe for his moderate policies. An acquittal, on the other hand, would tend to ingratiate Mugabe with ZANU's radical wing and with the more militant guerrilla elements. But it could shatter the whites' new-found confidence in Mugabe's government.

ANDREW JOSHUA

Murder Defendant Edgar Tekere (right) and six of his accused bodyguards

"It's the opposite of a basket-case country. It's a cornucopia."

Alarmed whites have been emigrating at a rate of up to 1,500 a month. Even those who have chosen to stay remain fearful of the 23,000 armed ex-guerrillas who have yet to be integrated into the Zimbabwe national army or the country's work force. Many point with fear at the recurring bloodshed: bombs thrown into crowded beer halls, gunfights between police and restive guerrillas, random assaults and abductions. Says a Salisbury businessman darkly: "When you've got that many people running around with guns, you're going to have some trouble. The temptation is there to go get a woman, money or food by force."

More sober appraisals, however, emphasize that the actual incidence of violence appears to be on the decline and that the country's leaders, at least, are strongly committed to controlling the lawlessness. Says Joshua Nkomo, Mugabe's former guerrilla rival and now Home Affairs Minister, of the lingering restiveness: "What is happening is what takes place after a veld fire. You see small areas where the wood is still smoldering and burning off. That's what we have in Zimbabwe today. The smolderings are burning themselves out."

Violent outbursts have also tended to obscure Mugabe's own accomplishments over the past half-year. Cool and deliberate in style as well as action, he has won high marks for the pragmatic way in which he has balanced dangerously opposed forces and has maintained his policy of national reconciliation. In foreign affairs, for example, he accomplished the delicate feat of breaking diplomatic relations with South Africa, while retaining crucial economic ties. On the domestic front, he managed to institute a minimum wage and medical aid for the poor, while keeping the support of business interests. "This man Mugabe is vital to the development of a successful state," says Welensky. "He is probably the ablest black African leader I've ever seen."

Nkomo, whose Patriotic Front Party captured just 20% of the seats in last February's election, has toned down his divisive earlier rhetoric. Says he: "We want to see the country reunited. We envision this as a nonracial society. I do not regard the white people as non-Africans. Most of them were born here. I see them as Zimbabweans contributing to a single society." Acknowledges a white businessman: "I feel a lot better now than I did two months ago because Nkomo seems to have been swung into line."

The Zimbabwe economy is surprisingly robust. After five years of negative real growth, it is expected to surge by about 4% this year and 6% to 7% next year. Inflation, pegged at 9.6%, is low by Third World standards. The trade balance has only a slight deficit. Despite a two-year drought, food supplies are ample. The gold, copper, tungsten and chromium mines are gradually being brought up to full capacity. Says a senior Western diplomat: "Zimbabwe has everything going for it. It has a tri-

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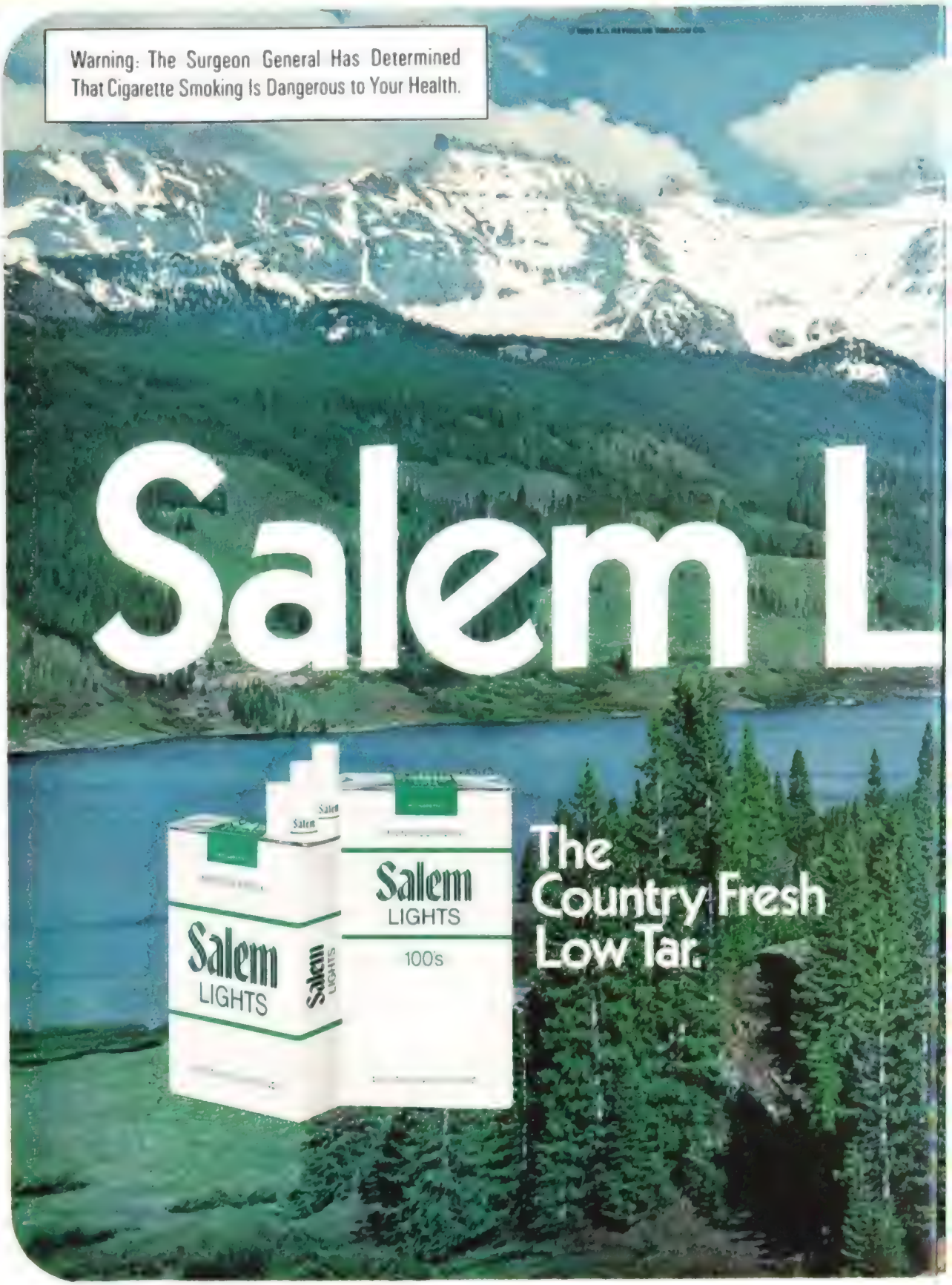
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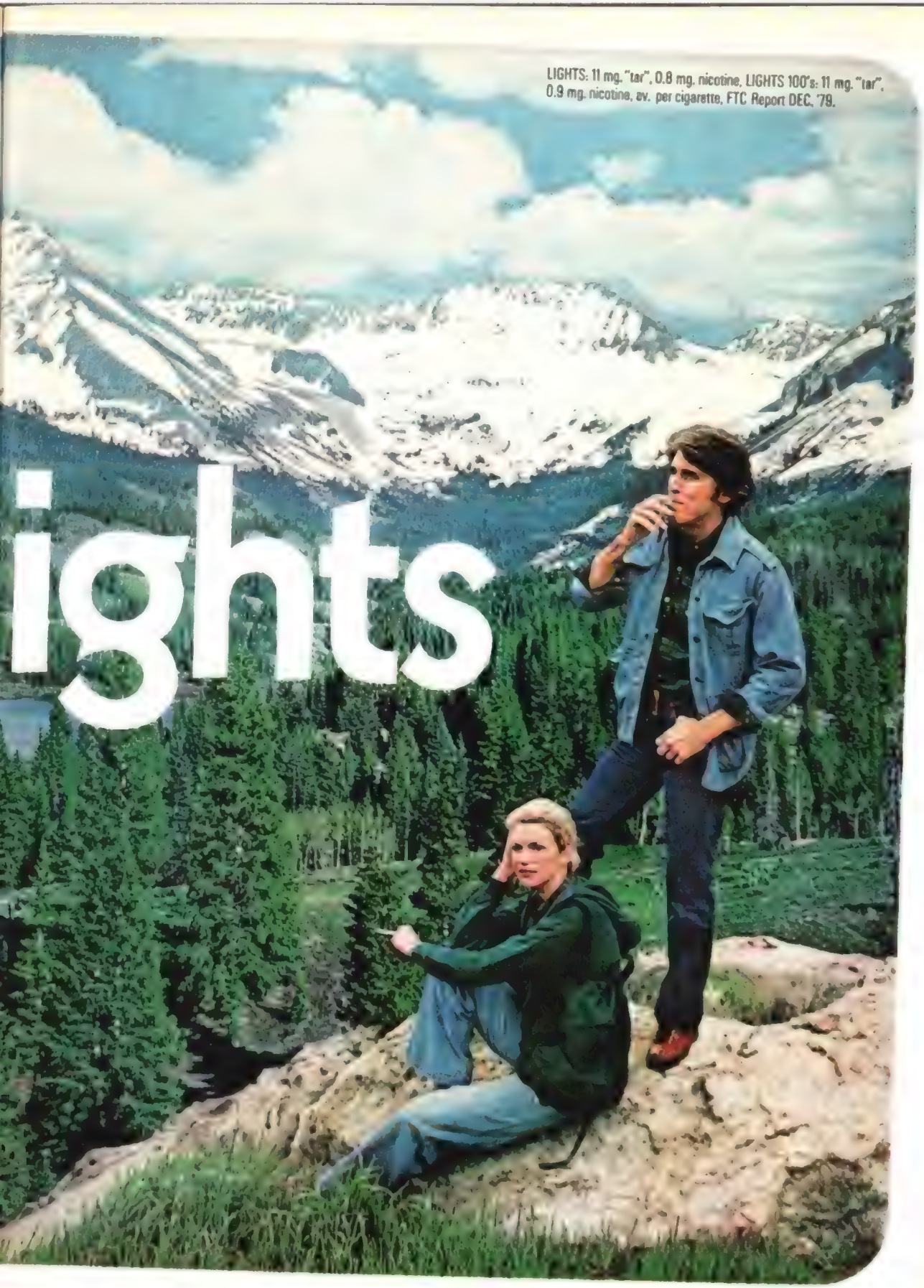

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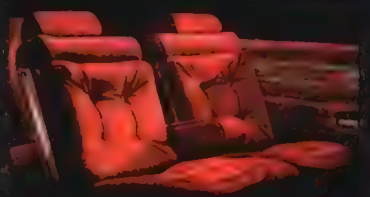

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pod economy—agriculture, minerals and manufacturing. It's the opposite of a basket-case country. It's a cornucopia."

But if Zimbabwe is to continue to shift from violence to peaceful prosperity, it must first stem the exodus of skilled and semiskilled whites. Then it must drum up increased foreign aid. Mugabe has indicated that Zimbabwe will need at least $300 million for reconstruction over the next three years and upwards of $5 billion to effect complete recovery. He has paid visits to the U.S., Europe, China and North Korea seeking quick-fix aid. Washington has already managed to come up with $27 million on relatively short notice. Britain has pledged $247.2 million over the next three years. But Mugabe is still far short of his goal. Says one southern African political commentator: "Surely Western governments do not seriously propose to sit back and wait for Zimbabwe to become stable while withholding the very aid that might ensure stability." —*By E. Graydon Carter. Reported by Marsh Clark/Salisbury*

Mugabe: A "Practical" Marxist

"We have succeeded to a great extent in creating harmony, but it is too much to expect that in six months we could have transformed every individual in the community." So says Robert Mugabe, the former nationalist guerrilla leader and self-proclaimed Marxist who took over as the first Prime Minister of independent Zimbabwe six months ago. Since then, he has allayed many of the widespread fears that he might plunge the country into Communism or racial chaos. Instead, the sternly ascetic Mugabe, 56, has preached a policy of national reconciliation and cautious gradualism in economic adjustment. In his sparsely decorated office in downtown Salisbury last week, Mugabe discussed his government's progress and goals with TIME *Johannesburg Bureau Chief Marsh Clark. Excerpts:*

On the state of the country. Since the elections [in February], the progress has been tremendous. We have moved quite a long way in consolidating the peace. Our armed forces are integrating, and a single army is being formed. The dissident elements scattered throughout the country are being rounded up. In the public sector, we were naturally concerned that there was racial imbalance in the system. We have been advancing Africans, but not by getting rid of whites. We still have urgent problems—resettling people displaced by the war, reconstructing ruined schools, hospitals and roads. Of course, we have to achieve much more before the situation is as it should be.

On his being a Marxist. I think I am a practicing one, but also a practical one. We do not want to see a society divided into classes; we want to build an egalitarian society. [But] we recognize that there has been a capitalist system in this country that has established a viable infrastructure. We recognize that to overthrow that system would be to create no base at all but to create chaos. Therefore, we cannot go around nationalizing the multinationals. We do not believe in the forcible seizure of property.

On foreign aid. We have not got enough aid. We had worked on the basis of British and American promises that at least $1 billion would be available for our development program. So we want to see indications—not necessarily hard cash—that Britain, the U.S. and other countries are going to fulfill their promises. Nevertheless, we are thankful for what little they have done.

On continuing violence. There are a few who feel the electoral decision should have gone the other way. Some have turned dissident and are carrying out brutal acts. But there are not many. It will take time for them to adjust, but they are adjusting. What is important is that most of our people simply do not want another war.

On white emigration. The number of white people who have departed is really not that astronomical. It is regrettable that some who have left could have contributed to the development of the country. We need skills here. But the majority seem to be more confident now than they were.

On the Tekere trial. I would refute any suggestion that the government is on trial. Only one man, along with seven others, is on trial. If a man has done wrong, well, that man should be made answerable for his actions.

TERRORISM

Mystery Blast

Avenging the Gang of Four?

Peking's huge central railway station is designed to handle 200,000 passengers a day, but even there the evening rush hour overcrowds every hall and stairway. One evening last week, in a welter of duffle bags and over-the-shoulder bundles, passengers hurrying to make the 6:30 to Hefei jostled against other travelers heading for the 6:40 to Fengtai. The four clocks outside the waiting-room doors said 6:15.

Jiang Qing

The explosion came without warning, near the top of the escalator on a second-floor landing; it killed nine people and wounded 81. Fleets of ambulances ferried the wounded to hospitals. Police and soldiers cordoned off the area. Top public security and army officers converged on the scene, along with Peking's mayor and the minister of railways. At first government spokesmen called it an accident. But when the official New China News Agency finally reported the incident the following day, it announced that "the blast was caused by an explosive charge brought into the railway station by an unknown person." Thus it raised the possibility of an act of terrorism, an almost unheard-of occurrence in China. The last such incident anyone could remember was in 1976, when three people were killed by a bombing outside the Soviet embassy. Another explosion during the factional battles of 1966-67 had ripped apart a Peking market, killing several Red Guards.

Some speculation inevitably focused on the radical Gang of Four. Gang Leader Jiang Qing, Mao Tse-tung's onetime companion, and her accomplices from Shanghai (municipal Party Official Zhang Chunqiao, Literary Critic Yao Wenyuan and cotton-mill Party Functionary Wang Hongwen) assumed power in the mid-1960s and instituted a reign of terror in which thousands of writers, artists and scientists were so relentlessly persecuted that many died or committed suicide. Though the gang members were arrested and disgraced four years ago, the announcement that they would go on trial for their crimes came only last month. The trial is reportedly set to open as early as this week.

Could the explosion have been a political gesture by "remnants" of the gang? "No," was one official's laughing reply, "it isn't that serious." But in the absence of any other explanation for the station blast, no one was prepared to rule out such a connection. ■

CHINA

"We Learned from Our Suffering"

Chinese tell of the momentous changes sweeping their nation

Will it work? And how far can it go? These are the questions that the Chinese keep asking as their leaders search for ways to modernize the world's most populous nation. In the past two years these leaders have abandoned a rigid ideology in favor of a relatively freewheeling pragmatism. Communist economic policies have been modified to give greater initiative to local factories and farms. The government has offered new latitude for artists and writers, and it has risked sending thousands of scholars and scientists to study in the capitalist West. Taken together, these peaceful changes could ultimately prove as profound as those that came with the armed Communist revolution in 1949. Rarely in history has a ship as large and unwieldy as the People's Republic of China been turned so sharply.

To see firsthand how far some of these changes have gone and to hear of what might be in the offing, Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald led a number of Time Inc. editors on an eleven-day tour through four separate regions of China. The group included Editorial Director Ralph Graves, TIME Managing Editor Ray Cave and Chief of Correspondents Richard Duncan; they were accompanied by Peking Bureau Chief Richard Bernstein. After a stay in Peking, the party visited agriculturally rich Sichuan province, where many of the current experiments in economic liberalization were first tried, then flew over the towering Hengduan Mountains to Lhasa, Tibet (average elevation: 16,000 ft. above sea level) and finally to the semitropical trading port of Canton some 3,000 miles to the southeast.

The editors found a country obsessed with the "four modernizations"—the upgrading of industry, agriculture, science and technology, and the military—formally announced by then Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping three years ago. In a radical departure from past practice, local farm and factory managers are increasingly deciding what to produce on the basis of what will make a profit. After filling their state quotas, they have been given considerable freedom to sell some of their products directly to other factories or on the free market, and they keep part of the resulting profits to use as they see fit, primarily to pay bonuses to workers and buy additional raw materials and new equipment. Greatly expanded contacts with other countries, particularly the industrialized democracies of Japan and the West, have begun bringing China advanced technical knowledge and a growing impatience to liberalize still more. But this form of modernization has many hazards in a vast Communist state, a fact that China's new leaders are very much aware of. The ambitious, flexible programs that China has begun will produce tensions and fissures in a society long controlled by force and regimentation. Even as statues of Mao are vanishing all across China and the trial of the Gang of Four—which includes Mao's wife Jiang Qing—begins, there are rumors of conflicts between the reformers and the Maoists.

The TIME editors spoke with dozens of Chinese, from members of the State Council (China's Cabinet) to factory managers, commune workers, educators and artists. Each provided a glimpse of the rewards and strains of modernization. Together they gave human scale to an epochal transition. Herewith, seven voices of China

THE VICE PREMIER. "I myself have made revolution my whole life, and I am continuing to make revolution." So said Vice Premier Wan Li, 64, at the beginning of an hourlong meeting in Peking's Great Hall of the People. Wan, a tall, affable, silver-haired man, is widely regarded as the key official below Premier Zhao Ziyang in China's new government. Until early this year he was the governor of Anhui province in the eastern part of China; there, as in Premier Zhao's Sichuan, the new national economic policies were first tested. Wan was brought into the central government when Party Vice Chairman Deng, who was then Vice Premier, began promoting skilled provincial administrators to top jobs in Peking. Like his mentor and ally Deng, Wan had been twice purged as a "counterrevolutionary" and twice resurrected. "I personally suffered a lot," he says. "As a party, we have learned much from our suffering. That is why we have the courage to make these reforms.

"Our party and government made some mistakes in leadership. Sometimes our plans were not completely in accordance with practice, and some ultra-leftist ideas appeared in our development." One major error was not encouraging the production of consumer goods, another was the misuse of workers' abilities. Says Wan: "We had manpower, but we did not stress the importance of science and technology. We did not pay enough attention to the role that the intellectuals could play. Because of these defects, the ministries had too much power and the local enterprises didn't have enough

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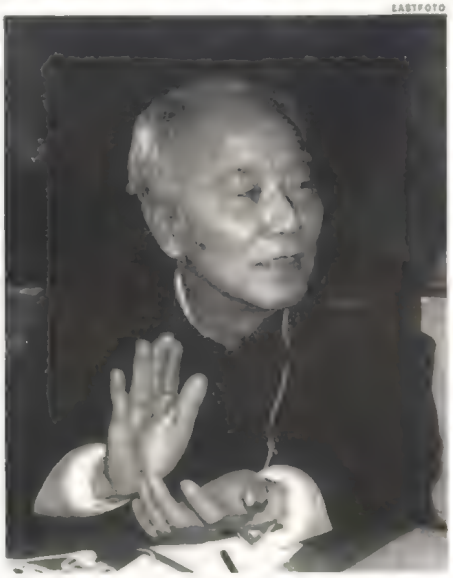

Wan Li: "Our government made some mistakes"

We stressed egalitarianism, but we did not find ways to ensure that those who contribute more should get more."

Today, the old Maoist disapproval of material incentives has been replaced with its opposite—a recognition that the chance to get richer will make people work harder. Wan cites the way local farm communes no longer have to produce solely according to a state quota system but can decide for themselves what to grow to satisfy local market conditions. Says he: "They are in a better position to know what to plant—and they can become richer." Under the old system, factories produced according to fixed quotas and turned over virtually all of their profits to the state. Now about 20% of their production can be directed to the free market. "We also plan to give a greater role to the banks," says Wan. "In the past, industrial investment was always provided directly by the state. With the new policy, enterprises get money directly from the bank, though they have to pay some interest." (Bank interest on personal loans in China is about 3% a year.)

As one of his country's major economic planners, Wan is very aware of the pitfalls ahead. Says he: "We have the manpower. We have the raw materials. The biggest problem is that we are lacking qualified technicians and qualified managers." Yet quick results will be needed to maintain the confidence of the people. Says Wan: "There is pressure. We have made mistakes in the past. If we make any more mistakes, it won't be very good."

Teng: "My goal for next year? To buy a television set"

THE COMMUNE LEADER. "Most members of the brigade (work unit) have no fear of me at all. I do my work by trying to reason things out. But if any brigade members do bad things, then they might be afraid of me." So says a smiling Teng Jiayun, the lean Communist Party secretary of the Tsao Kang production brigade of the Yun Men Kou People's Commune near Chengdu, capital of Sichuan province. At 29, Teng is the ranking authority in this vegetable-growing operation. Last year the 450-household brigade increased its income by 35%, to a total of 1.2 million yuan ($816,000). Says Teng: "There are basically two reasons for this. First, we put a lot of effort into developing our sidelines and setting up workshops [these include shops to make carpets and sulfuric acid and to repair farm machines]. Second, we've given more power to the production teams and are following the principle of more pay for more work." The brigade has a very strict system for measuring who does "more work." Teng, who is married and has a two-year-old daughter, earns 900 yuan ($612) a year. He built his new brick home himself at a cost of 2,000 yuan ($1,354), a portion of which he borrowed, interest-free, from the brigade's credit association. "I spend a lot of time working in the fields," says Teng, but as party secretary, a post for which he receives a small salary ($22 a month), he must also mediate conflicts, punish misdemeanors and even try to persuade couples to have only one child, in accordance with Peking's hope of limiting population growth. Teng thus knows how many brigade marriages ended in divorce last year (one), how many women had abortions (twelve) and how many crimes were committed (a dozen cases of minor theft). "Whenever the leader talks to the offender, usually that is sufficient," Teng says. "But if the leader chooses, he may also call a meeting to criticize the offender in public. If the person does not work hard, it is very easy to penalize him because of the new system of more pay for more work."

With a ready market in nearby Chengdu (pop. 3.4 million), the Tsao Kang brigade is richer than farther outlying farming units. Teng believes that the new incentives will raise incomes still higher. Says he: "We need a consistent policy, and that can now be assured. In fact, more pay for more work was first tried out by Zhao Ziyang here in Sichuan, and now that he is Premier, I'm sure the policies will continue. Before, if you did something to increase your income, you would have been called a capitalist roader."

A former soldier, Teng once wanted to become a factory worker so that he could earn a steady urban wage. But now he is enthusiastic about his prospects on the farm. "I have many things already," he says. "A bicycle, a watch. We have a sewing machine. At the end of this year, I will first return the money I borrowed from the brigade. My goal next year? To buy a television set. It will cost 400 yuan [$280]. After that our income will grow, and life will keep on getting better."

THE INTELLECTUAL. No other social class suffered more during China's 1966-69 Cultural Revolution than the intellectuals, "the stinking ninth category," in the pungent rhetoric of the Red Guards. Few scientists, writers or professors were able to avoid terms of "reform through labor." The victims use a different phrase today: "being sent to the countryside." Many were so persecuted that they committed suicide. Says Huan Xiang, vice president of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences: "For years we imbued ourselves in dogma. Our heads were down and our feet were up in the air. Now we have our feet back on the ground."

A former Chinese ambassador to several European countries, Huan, 70, is one of thousands of intellectuals who have been restored to important posts since Deng returned to power. Today he is the prime mover in China's most prestigious think tank. Says Huan: "All together, we have 8,000 researchers. Our economic researchers have been cooperating with the economic ministries to find out ways to solve numerous problems. We have even organized a discussion on what is the purpose of human life. After 30 years of political turmoil, our thinking is confused. Our young people in particular don't know what to do in this world. We have an open forum for them to discuss these things so they can draw their own conclusions."

Huan: "Our heads were down"

The academy is one of the key institutions that are leading China's shift from ideology toward pragmatism. Says Huan: "We try to get away from dogma, from what Marx said or what Lenin or Mao said. That's a reference. But we need to start from the facts." Though Huan argues that scholars can follow "the facts" without political interference, it is unlikely that one of them could publish articles criticizing the Communist system. Yet there is more leeway for questioning than at any other time since the Communists came to power. Says Huan: "Since the end of the 1950s, we have had no connections with academics either in the East or the West. We are now encouraging scholarly communications with the West, particularly the U.S., Japan and Western Europe."

Many young people had their educations disrupted by China's political turmoil. Says Huan: "Some were able to educate themselves during the Cultural Revolution—they studied very hard. But most of that particular generation is illiterate."

Three kinds of people, Huan says, do not like China's new direction. "First, the wooden heads—they cannot accept any change. Second, those who have been poisoned by their former training—they don't know how to change. Third, those who are too enthusiastic—they go to the other extreme."

Concludes Huan: "There will be a fight between the modern and the traditional in China. But the man who persists in the old ideas will not survive. We are inventing a completely new experiment. How far can we go? That is the question."

THE PLAYWRIGHT. "We are beginning to have real freedom of speech in China." That remark by Tsao Yu, 70, the head of the

Tsao: "We may produce a Eugene O'Neill, maybe a Shakespeare"

Chinese Dramatists' Association and one of the country's best-known playwrights, is an exaggeration. There is still considerable supervision of what is written and published in China. But Chinese dramatists have been persistently bold since the Western-style art form was restored in 1979. In the past two years, dozens of plays have criticized China's shortcomings, stressed the personal hardships caused by political turmoil and savagely lampooned leaders who were corrupt or incompetent. Dramatists have also dealt gingerly with what Tsao calls the "once forbidden zone" of love.

Tsao is a gracious host as he welcomes his guests to the living room of his simple but comfortable apartment in the western part of Peking. He has an international reputation and has traveled widely (he went to New York last spring for a revival at Columbia University of his 1940 play *Peking Man*). So he brings a sophisticated perspective to his assessment of artistic freedom in China. "There is still too much control exercised over films," says Tsao. The 200 new plays performed or published each year fare considerably better. Says he: "There is hardly any interference from the top these days. It is up to each company to decide its own repertory."

Tsao, like most writers, was made a laborer during the Cultural Revolution. "We now call that period the 'Ten Years of Catastrophe,' " he says. "Maybe the younger generation was spared, but we suffered terribly. We were deeply mired in a feudal mentality. People took what their superiors said for granted. Everything got reduced to a test of loyalty, and one man's word became law. Still, they couldn't stop us from asking why China was reduced to such a state and what we should do to prevent this from ever happening again. It is the need to explore such questions that caused this great burst of new plays."

With no independent press, it is impossible for a truly dissident author to publish works that go beyond the vague limits set by party authorities. Yet Tsao Yu is optimistic, and understandably so. He remembers that even during the '50s, plays had to have "workers, peasants or soldiers in them." In the standard stereotyped drama, he recalls, "you'd have a hero who becomes a model worker, then gets wounded, but comes back to work before his wounds are healed. Seeing 100 plays was the same as seeing one play. But now things are changing, and we feel the changes profoundly. We may even produce a Eugene O'Neill in China, maybe even our own Shakespeare."

THE FACTORY MANAGER. The deputy governor of Sichuan province, which, with its population of 100 million, would rank among the world's ten largest countries, calls Yang Yixuan "one of the newly discovered managers." She is in charge of weaving at the No. 1 Sichuan Cotton, Spinning, Weaving and Dyeing Factory, a sprawling red brick plant with 10,000 workers on the northern edge of Chengdu. A smiling, unassuming woman, Yang, 48, was promoted from the workshop floor to become one of six deputy managers of the plant, which is one of the most successful factory experiments launched last year under then Governor Zhao Ziyang.

RICHARD L. DUNCAN

Yang Yixuan: "Our profits are up"

"During the Cultural Revolution, there was so much fighting between factions in this factory that production was suspended three times and we lost 100 million yuan," says Yang. She then proceeds to reel off a clutch of figures showing the recent improvement: "Last year the value of our output increased by 22.3% over the year before. Our profits increased by 56%. For the first six months of this year, our profits are up 117% over last year." She attributes the increases to greater self-management at the factory—deciding what varieties of cloth to make, what raw materials to use and where to sell over-the-quota goods on the free market. "We reduced our costs by 3.1%," Yang says. "We also started to produce more of the high-quality goods that bring in a higher profit than the low-quality goods we made before."

The No. 1 Sichuan plant, a prized example of progress, demonstrates the other new features of China's reformed economy. The mill keeps 30% of its profits and gives its workers bonuses averaging 200 yuan ($136) a year, which is just over three months' average salary. The mill also uses its profits for plant expansion and new housing. Yang points proudly to a new dyeing workshop. "It is one of the additions we built ourselves."

The factory is still very much a socialist enterprise. The state fixes its prices and 80% of its production quotas, and there is far less competition from other factories than there would be in a free-market system. But Yang and her co-workers are not complaining. Says she: "In the past, if we proposed something new, it had to be approved by the higher authorities. Now we can do much more on our own." How does she feel about her own increased responsibilities? "The possibility that the production will not go well, and the plant will suffer a loss—that's my only worry."

THE FORMER RED GUARD. The tiny fourth-floor walk-up that Wang Keping shares with his mother, brother and sister is

Wang Keping: "Moving ahead slowly is better than not moving at all"

crowded with powerful wooden sculptures. There is a large twisted head of a man choking on a cylinder stuffed into his mouth. There is a bust of Jiang Qing in the shape of a rifle (power comes out of the barrel of a gun, said Chairman Mao). There is the severed head of a bureaucrat. "A head but no brains," Wang explains, "a nose but no nostrils, a mouth but no lips, in short, a bad cadre."

Wang, born in 1949 of a military family, is the same age as the People's Republic. As a teen-age Red Guard in the Cultural Revolution, he belonged to a rebel faction in his home town of Tianjin. There he once helped loot and burn a Roman Catholic church. Chastened by those outbursts, he has become a sculptor whose brooding images, carved from blocks of wood bought at a local firewood shop, show the evils of political fanaticism. "When I was a Red Guard," Wang says, pointing to his work, "I would have smashed all of this."

Officially a scriptwriter for Peking television, Wang only began sculpting about two years ago—and then by accident. "I happened to carve a piece of wood that had fallen off a chair," he recalls. "I didn't really know how to carve, but as a scriptwriter I had been influenced by the French theater of the absurd, especially Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano*. So I decided to try to carve a kind of theater of the absurd in wood." Though many foreigners and Chinese alike have been impressed by the energy and originality of his work, he is not recognized as an official artist by the state, and thus cannot make a living by his sculpture.

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Excluded from official circles, Wang belongs instead to an unofficial group called the "Stars," which grew out of last year's Democracy Wall movement. This group of 26 artists was allowed last summer to show 160 works in Peking's main art museum —an important gesture toward openness in China. Wang's large, totemic figure of Mao, with one eye open and one eye shut, was the most controversial piece in the show, which drew between 4,000 and 7,000 visitors a day during its two-week run. Says Wang: "Today's leaders have made their ideas about economics very clear, but they have not yet decided about art and culture. Many of them are still afraid of Western influences, thinking that they are unworthy and immoral. The leaders have been isolated for such a long time that many of them are not very cultivated. But as living standards go up, there will be an effect on art and culture too. The best way to develop art is not to pay official attention to it at all.

"During the Democracy Wall period (when critical posters were tolerated by the authorities), we had feverish expectations, so we are disappointed with today's slowness—but we recognize that moving ahead slowly is better than not moving ahead at all. In fact, going too fast could bring a reaction from the conservatives, who continue to hold great power. Still, I think we shouldn't be afraid. The Chinese people have often been too afraid."

THE JOURNALIST. "Most important are the changes in the fundamentals," says Yuan Xianlu, 52, foreign affairs editor of the official Communist Party newspaper, the *People's Daily*, which has a worldwide circulation of 6.3 million. Yuan, a tall, wiry man who has been with the paper for three decades, warns that easy political slogans and simplified explanations will not solve China's problems. He has seen too many of them before. "Many people say that everything bad is the fault of the Gang of Four," he says. "Some of our friends in the West have had doubts about this, and, in fact, while it is true that the Gang of Four did a lot of damage, if we blame everything on them, we won't find the real reasons why China has not developed satisfactorily."

Among China's defects, Yuan mentions its long imitation of the Soviet system, which was not relevant to local conditions. Like many other intellectuals, he also blames the country's "feudal heritage," the centuries during which China's economy remained backward and "the Emperor's word was law." Adds Yuan: "One thing that the common people get very angry about is the special privileges of high-ranking officials. There

Yuan Xianlu: "If a man got promoted, even his dogs went to heaven"

used to be a saying in the old society that once a man got promoted, even his dogs and chickens could go to heaven." This notion lingers, and it impedes efforts to reform the practice of officials clinging to their jobs for life. Says Yuan: "The problem is that once a person has a high position, he gets special privileges that he doesn't want to give up.

"We admit that because of the Cultural Revolution and the Gang of Four, the prestige of the Communist Party has decreased. But the party still has the basic support of the people. For example, compare China and Poland. A lot of the trouble in Poland began with a rise in the price of meat. But in China the economic situation was much worse than in Poland, and yet last year we had to raise the price of eight varieties of food. We did do a lot of political and economic groundwork to handle the matter."

The TIME editors asked Yuan whether rising expectations and greater tolerance of criticism might hold long-term dangers for China. His answer: "In the rural areas the farmers don't care about democracy. What they care about is good rulers. In the absence of democracy there are only two ways for people to show dissatisfaction—with silence or with rebellion. Now there is something in between. There is criticism, and that is healthier." ■

What Students Believe In

Though China remains one of the most closed societies on earth, two secret polls taken among students at Shanghai's prestigious Fudan University provide an illuminating and perhaps unsettling glimpse into the minds of a small but important segment of the population.

The results of the polls, administered in 1979 and in September of this year by Fudan's federation of students, were briefly posted on the university's bulletin boards, then ordered removed, presumably because they show a striking skepticism about the future. Asked, for example, what they thought of the current leaders' ability to achieve the "Four Modernizations," 78% of the students took a noncommittal "wait and see" attitude. When asked whether people like the Gang of Four could return to power in China within the next ten years, only 5.4% responded with a firm no. More than half replied that such a return was "possible," and 39% said that it would be "difficult to avoid." About their own futures, 54% said that they felt "uncertain," compared with 36% who declared themselves "full of confidence."

The polls of 1979 and 1980 ask different questions, which themselves reflect the concerns of the moment. Last year one question asked what the students thought of bell-bottom trousers; 69% said they were not a matter for meddling by others. This year the pollsters acquiesced by not meddling. One question this year asked students to choose the country that China should most emulate economically. Japan led with 28%, followed closely by Yugoslavia with 26%, then, some distance behind, came the U.S. with 11% and the Soviet Union with 10%.

One of the most interesting results came from the question "What is China's biggest social problem?" Fifty-five percent replied that it was the special privileges of Communist Party cadres. Some 23% said unemployment. Another question simply asked the students to name what they believe in. Only one-third answered "Communism," a surprisingly low figure considering the intense indoctrination of youth for the past 30 years. Nearly a quarter of the students said they believed in fate, a tiny fraction named capitalism. A significant 25% offered a chilling answer: "Nothing at all."

Their skepticism extended to the polls themselves. Complained one student: "It would be good if the leaders would pay more attention. But, in fact, these polls have no effect on them whatsoever."

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CANADA

Trudeau *vs.* the Premiers

Confrontations on energy and amending the constitution

Government budgets frequently stir up political battles. But the one that Pierre Elliott Trudeau put before Ottawa's House of Commons last week amounted to what one of the Prime Minister's political enemies called "a declaration of war." The budget included a $9.9 billion national energy program that caused wails of anguish in the U.S., as well as out west in Canada's energy-rich prairie provinces.

Trudeau recommended that there be 50% Canadian ownership of the country's oil and gas industry by 1990. At present, 17 of the 25 largest oil and gas companies, which account for 72% of sales, are foreign-owned multinationals. The Prime Minister also moved to increase the federal government's share of oil revenues, partly to contain a projected 25% deficit in this year's $45 billion budget. Under the present formula, established in 1974, Ottawa gets 10% of all gas and oil revenues, while the producing province and the energy companies take 45% each. Under the Trudeau budget, the federal government would take 24% of all energy revenues, compared with 43% for the provinces and 33% for industry. As a sop to the provinces and the companies, Trudeau proposed that domestic oil and gas prices, which are currently below world levels, be allowed to double by 1984. Even that did not still complaints from the west. Peter Lougheed, the Tory premier of oil-rich Alberta, warned that his province would introduce a phased 15% cutback in production, which could eventually force Ottawa to go shopping on the world market to make up the shortfall. "We strove as hard as we could to avoid this confrontation," the premier told his fellow Albertans.

As it happens, Trudeau is already embroiled with Lougheed and most of the other provincial premiers on another thorny issue: how to "patriate," or bring home, Canada's constitution. It is an embarrassing anomaly to many Canadians that theirs is the world's only sovereign state that must petition the Parliament of another country to change its own constitution. Legally, the House of Commons at Westminster alone has the power to amend the British North America Act of 1867. All previous efforts to change this situation have foundered, largely because of a 1929 agreement with the ten provinces that requires their unanimous approval before Ottawa can propose any constitutional amendments.

In September, Trudeau presided over a weeklong conference with the premiers that explored various amendments to the British North America Act. When the discussions ended in deadlock, the Prime Minister presented to Ottawa's House a resolution authorizing the government to petition Westminster to surrender its right of amendment to Canada. Because of Trudeau's solid Liberal majority, the resolution is certain of passage; he hopes to have it enacted by Britain's Parliament before July 1, 1981, the 114th anniversary of Canada's birth as a nation.

The most nettlesome amendment that Trudeau has in mind for the constitution is a U.S.-style "Charter of Rights" that would take precedence over any bills of rights enacted by the individual provinces. Among other freedoms, the charter would guarantee minority-language education. In Canada, education is almost entirely a provincial responsibility. The significance of Trudeau's charter is that it would guarantee French-speaking children the right to be educated in their own language in any province where "numbers warrant," a determination that would be made by the courts. Trudeau regards this language-rights provision as a way of fulfilling his promise of change to Quebeckers who voted *non* to separatism in last May's provincial referendum.

Trudeau has considerable popular support for his plans to bring home the constitution, thanks in part to a $6 million national advertising campaign in the early fall. But so far, only the premiers of Ontario and New Brunswick have promised their backing. Other premiers, including Alberta's Lougheed, are planning court challenges of the Trudeau patriation bill, arguing that it illegally infringes on provincial rights. Quebec Premier René Lévesque is bitterly opposed to the language-rights provision of the charter because it might restrict his province's legislative powers over education. In his view, Trudeau is "erecting a monument to himself on the tombs of our aspirations and rights."

Lévesque is at least partly right. Bringing the constitution home would be a fitting capstone to Trudeau's long and tempestuous political career, almost twelve years of which he has spent as Prime Minister. As much a philosopher as a statesman, Trudeau sometimes sees himself as the only man who can hold his linguistically divided nation together. Defending both his budgetary and constitutional proposals, he told a rally in Saskatchewan last week: "Let us put reason before passion. Let's talk a little bit more with our intelligence. Then our gut feeling will be more for Canada than for any particular province or division of this country." ■

Constitutional adversaries Trudeau (left) and Lougheed (inset); between them, the Athabasca tar sands, near Fort McMurray, Alberta

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Cinema

Dark Alley

THE FIRST DEADLY SIN
Directed by Brian Hutton
Screenplay by Mann Rubin

Frank Sinatra returns to the big screen after a decade's absence, but it is as if he had never been away. He spent the last years of the '60s making a trio of police dramas (*Tony Rome, The Detective, Lady in Cement*), and here he is, at 64, back in the N.Y.P.D. to solve one last crime before retirement. A white-collar, black-leather maniac named Blank (David Dukes) is on the loose in Manhattan with an ice ax and too much spare time. Because the murders have been committed in different parts of town, the harried police captain offers Sergeant Edward X. Delaney (Sinatra) no help in cracking the case. The old campaigner must catch the slick psycho on his own.

Lawrence Sanders' novel could serve as the basis for a taut, lurid little *film noir*, but this adaptation is as plodding and routine as most police work—or as a police novel unredeemed by narrative surprises or a galvanic prose style. The plot doubles back on itself and wanders off on pointless tangents. A subplot involving

Sinatra and Dunaway in *The First Deadly Sin*
On the track of a crying killer

Delaney's critically ill wife (Faye Dunaway) is never integrated into the manhunt story, and Dunaway is wasted in a role that keeps her flat on her back. Mostly, she is forgotten as the gumshoe and the hobnail boots approach each other for the climactic confrontation. But Delaney is never in real danger: when Blank is finally cornered, he starts to cry. The resourceful villain becomes a whining victim. The dark alley, which promised delicious thrills, is a narrative dead end.

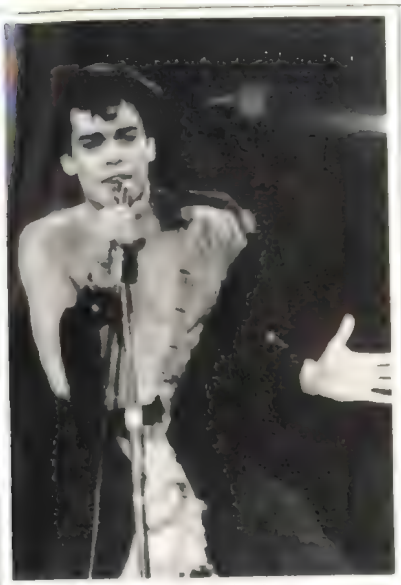
Sinatra still knows how to seize the screen simply by being around and being himself. But most of those behind the screen settled for hackwork. Catechists will recall that pride is the first deadly sin. Would that Director Hutton had taken some pride in honest craftsmanship. On the evidence, he fell victim to the seventh: sloth.

—*By Richard Corliss*

242nd Street

THE IDOLMAKER
Directed by Taylor Hackford
Screenplay by Edward Di Lorenzo

Remember the rock-'n'-roll '50s? The era of Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly, the Big Bopper and Little Richard, the doo-wop boys on the corner and Elvis on your 12-in. TV? Do you want to relive those glory days in a movie theater? Then go straight to a revival of *The Girl Can't Help It* or *The T.A.M.I. Show*, because *The Idolmaker* is something else, and less. It recalls one withered branch of pop nostalgia: the South Philly sound of Fabian



Peter Gallagher in *The Idolmaker*

On key on alternate Thursdays.

and Frankie Avalon, which is to genuine early rock as Fritos are to grits. Frankie sang of Dede Dinah and sounded like the revenge of the adenoids. Fabian, legend has it, could sing on key only on alternate Thursdays, and his records were said to be creative sutures of dozens of different takes. Frankie will be remembered as the wet blanket at the Beach Party movies; Fabian, in a more enlightened time, may be lauded as an unsung pioneer of aleatory music.

Bob Marcucci, who pomaded and promoted the lads into teen idols, served as technical adviser for *The Idolmaker*. This Is His Story, as it might have been told to a '50s reporter for *Hep Cat*—or to Busby Berkeley. The setting is The Bronx, the characters are Italian, the language is coarse, but the story is one long, carefully embroidered cliché that has its roots in Berkeley's old Warner Bros. musicals. Ray Sharkey has the Warner Baxter role: the tough, brilliant old pro. Peter Gallagher is the ghost of Fabian with the soul of Ruby Keeler: the lucky, plucky ingenue. Sharkey nurses and rehearses his protégé, shouts and seduces, puts him through heck and then shoves him onstage. Sure enough: Gallagher goes out there a youngster, but he comes back a star.

Maybe he will. Gallagher's stage presence apes Mick Jagger more than the Fabulous Fabe, and the songs sound as if they came from Broadway rather than Broad Street. But the numbers have a dynamic drive that should awaken cherry Coke memories in middle-aged kids and urgent anticipation in today's teens. Paging Peter Gallagher for a spot on *American Bandstand*—and the *Idolmaker* makers to put on film the story behind the album that really summarizes their vision of '50s rock 'n' roll: *Annette Sings Anka*. —**R.C.**

Vile Bodies

LOVING COUPLES

Directed by Jack Smight

Screenplay by Martin Donovan

This is an attempt to cash in comically on the recent fashion—especially noted in celebrity circles—of affairs between older women and younger men. In this instance the former is played shrilly by Shirley MacLaine, the latter by a prime piece of California beef called Stephen Collins. Once their liaison is established, James Coburn, who is hopelessly miscast as MacLaine's husband, takes up with Collins' girlfriend (Susan Sarandon, who knows how to play comedy and thus appears out of place here). Many embarrassing situations occur, none of them wittily stated or compassionately developed. Writer Donovan's script lacks simple decency, let alone style, warmth or even point of view. As for Director Smight, his sense of comedic timing perfectly matches his material. His film is lit in a flat, harsh manner that is particularly cruel to the older players. Once again, a promising subject for a comedy of contemporary manners has been blown by people who combine vulgar sensibilities with crude craftsmanship. In all, the thing looks and sounds like a rejected television pilot—and a bad one at that. —**By Richard Schickel**

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Bull Market for Engineers

Schools and industry compete for baccalaureates and Ph.D.s

Anthony Lucido, 35, had been offered a tenured assistant professorship at the nation's largest engineering school, Texas A. & M. He would have earned roughly $30,000 teaching computer science. But then a Houston computer firm named Intercomp offered Lucido a job with a pay boost of nearly 50%, plus the chance to tinker with half a million dollars worth of computer graphics equipment far newer than anything to be found on campus. Lucido said goodbye to tenure and went to work for Intercomp. He recalls: "I was disillusioned with academe. There was no money for research projects, and I finally decided there was just no future in staying at the university."

Tales like this are all too familiar to the deans of U.S. engineering schools, who find themselves hopelessly outmatched in the intense competition for top talent in a soaring job market for engineers. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been trying for four years to fill three vacant assistant professorships in the growing field of electrical engineering. The University of Illinois is desperately trying to recruit 30 more professors for an engineering staff that normally numbers 400. Nationally, the American Association of Engineering Societies reports that 2,000 college teaching jobs are going begging. Obsolete equipment is one reason. Some measuring instruments at Texas A. & M. are so old, says Engineering Dean Robert Page, that alumni recognize them when visiting sons and daughters now enrolled at the school. Faculty members are chosen from the pool of engineering Ph.D.s, and the pool is dwindling. In 1972 U.S. universities awarded 3,774 engineering Ph.D.s, as against 2,751 this year. More than a third of those went to foreign nationals, who are likely to take their skills back home after graduation.

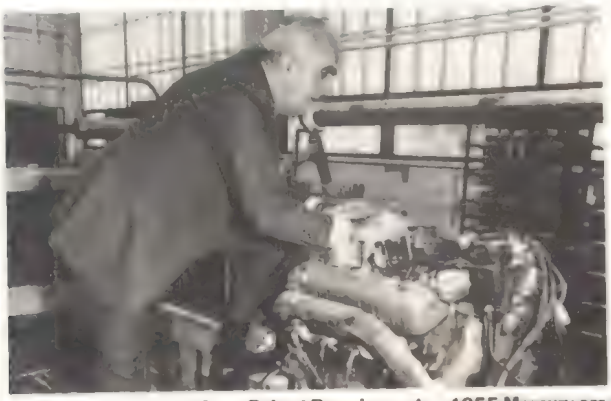
The shortage of teachers and Ph.D.s comes at a time when society is dependent as never before upon engineers to devise energy-saving designs in such areas as solar energy and synthetic fuels. "All the scientific information about solar energy is known," says Dean Charles Sanders of California State University–Northridge. "Fusion is scientifically understood. But you need engineers to build these things." The shortage of both engineering Ph.D.s and expert faculty arises from a booming industrial technology that has created a record demand for young engineers and pushed undergraduate enrollments in the field to an all-time high of 340,488. Today an average chemical, electrical or petroleum engineer with a brand new bachelor's degree can easily begin working at a salary of $22,000 annually. Some start as high as $27,000. Such salaries lead new engineers to view graduate schools as an unnecessary expense. Mark Gorski, 24, a 1980 B.S. in mechanical engineering from Tulane, had five job offers before deciding to join San Francisco's Bechtel Power Corp. to pursue his special interest in power plant design. If you go on to grad school, he says, "you lose two years' salary that you can never make up."

Many corporate recruiters say they cannot hire all the engineers they need, even at the B.S. level. A study by the California Society of Professional Engineers reports that Hughes Aircraft is short 2,000 engineers, while Hewlett-Packard needs some 2,500. In Massachusetts, where scores of technological companies cluster along Route 128 outside Boston, 41% of the jobs available in high-tech firms went unfilled last year.

A study just released by the Department of Education and the National Science Foundation predicts that there will be an ample supply of baccalaureate engineers by 1990—except in the fast-growing computer field. The shortage of engineering Ph.D.s, though, seems more crucial and enduring. Says James Stevenson, acting vice president at Georgia Institute of Technology: "Any B.S. graduate can be a computer programmer. But it takes a Ph.D. to develop a more efficient computer language. It was Ph.D.s who developed the instrumentation systems for satellites. The work in genetic engineering is only done at top-flight graduate institutions by Ph.D.s." The American Society for Engineering Education warns that the loss of potential graduate students to high-paying jobs is almost at the point "where we may literally be 'eating our seed corn.' "

Engineering educators see a solution in closer ties between industry and academe. The Boeing Co. has endowed a junior faculty chair at M.I.T. At New York's Grumman Aerospace Corp., Vice President Thomas Kelly says, "If we get a job inquiry from a professor, we'll call the dean of his school and say, 'Hey, do you know that so and so is unhappy?' We don't want to choke off the source of supply of engineering graduates." In many cases, too, companies are donating equipment and funds for academic engineering research. Westinghouse has earmarked $1 million for a new Robotics Institute based at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University

Many engineering educators bewail the funding policy of the National Science Foundation, which channels four times as much money to "pure" science as to the work of engineers. As Daniel Greenberg, Washington publisher of *Science and Government Report*, puts it, "Scientists usually feel that engineering is sort of grubby stuff." But it may seem a good deal less grubby as society's dependence on engineers increases. —*By Kenneth M. Pierce*



In a Texas A. & M. lab, Dean Robert Page inspects a 1955 Mercury car engine; former Professor Anthony Lucido uses an ultramodern computer

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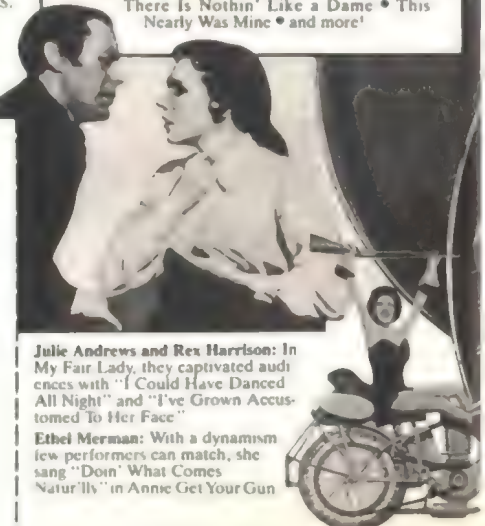

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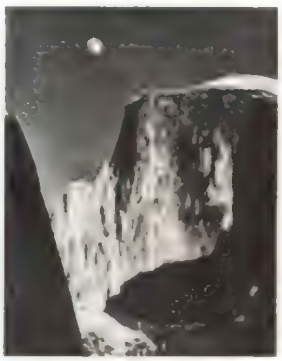

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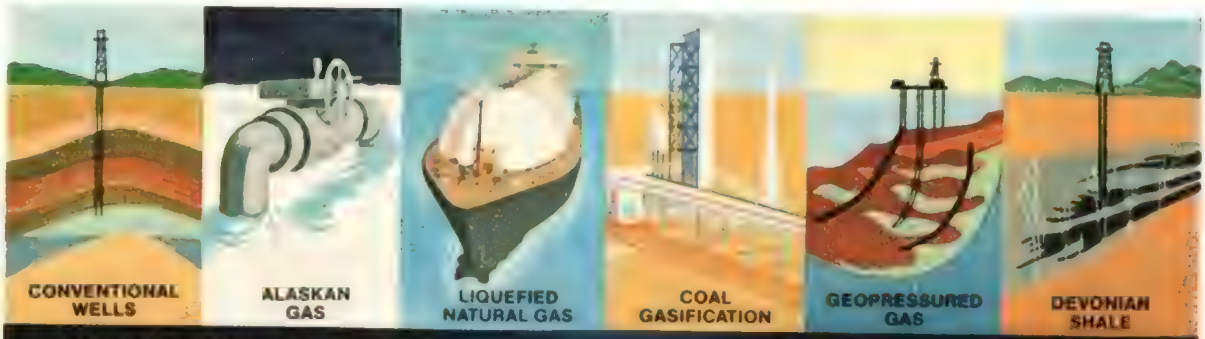

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People

Salvador Dali meets the press

"I said that I would return when the swords flowered," declaimed **Salvador Dali,** 76, quoting from a Catalan poet "and *ja soc aqui* [I am here]. I shall be so brief that I have already finished." Thus began a slightly surreal press conference in the artist's home town of Figueras, Spain, that ended his mysterious six months of seclusion. To bring poetry to life, Dali carried an elaborate, eagle-headed sword and distributed tuberoses to reporters. His costume was no less vivid: a leopardskin coat and red *barretina* cap. Answering questions in French, Spanish and Catalan, the painter declared "I am monarchist, Catholic and Roman," but without a political creed "because nobody knows whether the Venus de Milo was a fascist or a Communist." When pressed about a Catalan government investigation into his affairs, he insisted, "I like to pay taxes." Dali then reiterated a previously announced intention to begin a still vague 22-mile-long project in Rumania and revealed another plan: to remarry his willful wife Gala, 87, as an "endorsement" of his love for her. "She is everything to me," insisted the great surrealist. "The only way to make love is as a sacrament."

■

It was cold and damp on the courts, there were no locker rooms or showers, the hotel food was only marginally edible, and the 6,000-seat stadium stood virtually empty. "This," declared **Eliot Teltscher,** the world's tenth-ranked tennis pro, "is no way to run a tournament—in China or anywhere else." Other players at the Marlboro Grand Prix Tennis Classic in Canton, the first professional athletic competition in the People's Republic, were in a similar funk. "I didn't eat for the first two days," insisted Tennessean **Terry Moor.** But the most celebrated participant took it all in stride. In fact, **Jimmy Connors** hardly seemed to notice he was in China at all. He spent the five days of his visit playing and practicing, sleeping and eating, dining on the all-American peanut butter he had brought from home. Only grudgingly did he attend a banquet in the players' honor. There was, however, at least one exotic object Connors took in: the 7-ft.-long $8,750 check he received for winning the singles finals against Teltscher, 6-2, 6-3.

Brickbat Collector Rigg reviews reviews at her London home

Actor-Singer-Director **Serge Gainsbourg,** came to the ball uncombed, *sans* tie and wearing a scruffy 9 o'clock shadow. But then, the ex-love of Actress **Jane Birkin** is known for being defiantly *négligé*, despite the company he keeps. Cartier Heiress and Chairman **Nathalie Hocq,** 29, personally arranged the intimate dinner for 879 and subsequent party for 1,500.

Beauty and the beast—Deneuve and date—at Cartier's *soirée*

Tout Paris wore its *haut*-est *couture* to the elegant Nuit S de Cartier, a party to launch the jeweler's new line of evening accessories. Well, almost *tout*. **Catherine Deneuve's** date, Actor-Singer-Director **Serge Gainsbourg,** came to the ball uncombed, *sans* tie and wearing a scruffy 9 o'clock shadow. But then, the ex-love of Actress **Jane Birkin** is known for being defiantly *négligé*, despite the company he keeps. Cartier Heiress and Chairman **Nathalie Hocq,** 29, personally arranged the intimate dinner for 879 and subsequent party for 1,500, chartering eight Mystère-Falcon 20 jets to transport jet-setters to Paris from seven foreign cities. "This party represents the antithesis of disco," proclaimed the proud hostess. "It symbolizes a return to the lifestyle of the past, to classicism and to beauty," she added, perhaps before catching a glimpse of Mlle. Deneuve's date.

■

Diana Rigg is not likely to forget a certain critic's 1971 review of her nude scene in *Abélard and Héloïse:* "He said I was built like a brick mausoleum with insufficient flying buttresses." While not every actor has been brickbatted quite so brutally, all get swatted in the course of a career, says Rigg: "There is bound to be a bad choice of play or a misconceived performance." On the theory that "every time you quote your own bad notice you exorcise a little of the pain," Rigg has asked her fellow victims to send her their most painful and embarrassing reviews for an anthology. The book is to be titled *No Turn Unstoned*—after **George Bernard Shaw's** definition of what a critic leaves behind him. So far, Rigg has received 300 offerings, which she plans to supplement with the worst reviews of late great actors (those who, as she puts it, "have gone on eternal tour"). The book, she insists, "is not just an actor's way of getting back at a critic." In fact, Rigg sympathizes with the reviewer's plight. "After you've spent a night of boredom," she allows, "the temptation to pan must be very great." —*By Claudia Wallis*

Connors sizes up his winnings at Canton's Marlboro Grand Prix

Closeups of a giant: bright features may be storms; rings show unexpected variations in density (spacecraft's cameras produce dark spots)

Close Encounter with Saturn

Voyager 1 spots two new moons, foresees a heavenly waltz

Every December the ancient Romans indulged in a colossal round of drinking, carousing and tumultuous revelry. The orgiastic festival, perhaps coinciding with the winter planting, was staged to propitiate Saturn, the sickle-wielding deity of agriculture. Now scientists gathered at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena may be tempted to hold their own Saturnalia. Next week, after traveling for more than three years, their robot Voyager 1 spacecraft will achieve its closest encounter with Saturn, providing the most spectacular view yet of the beautifully ringed planet and its system of moons.

After nearly four centuries of telescopic observation, astronomers know Saturn is a giant, rapidly spinning ball of hydrogen and helium, surrounded by rings of icy debris and numerous satellites, including the largest moon in the solar system. Still, many questions remain. What are Saturn's rings made of? Can they be traced back to the solar system's origin 4.6 billion years ago, or did they evolve later from the breakup of passing objects captured by Saturn's gravity?

Equally perplexing, since scientists figure Saturn should have cooled off ages ago, the planet is radiating more heat back into space than it receives from the distant sun. What is the source of this mysterious energy? Perhaps the most tantalizing question concerns Titan, Saturn's largest satellite (even bigger than Mercury) and the only moon in the solar system with a thick atmosphere. Could it harbor organic molecules, the precursors of life?

Voyager 1, weighing a scant 825 kg (1,820 lbs.) and drawing its electricity from a compact nuclear power pack, is ideally equipped to answer such questions. One of two identical ships en route to Saturn (its twin will reach it next August), the spacecraft carries eleven instruments, including two television cameras. During Voyager's swing by Jupiter in March 1979, these keen eyes sent back stunning closeups of the planet's turbulent atmosphere, detailed views of its moons and even a spectacular shot of a volcanic eruption on the Jovian satellite Io.

Since August the robot has been performing its magic on Saturn. Pictures already transmitted by Voyager show light and dark horizontal bands in Saturn's atmosphere as well as ovals and whirls that are apparently great storms. And Saturn's moons, until recently only flecks of light in earthly telescopes, have become clearly distinguishable little orbs.

The discoveries are coming fast. At a pre-encounter press conference last week, University of Arizona Astronomer Bradford Smith announced two previously undetected moons—Saturn's 13th and 14th known satellites—probably no more than 320 km (200 miles) in diameter and 80,000 km (50,000 miles) above its clouds. The scientists also reported puzzling complexities—apparently less dense regions—in the planet's ring system; the varying speeds of material traveling in different portions of the rings should presumably smooth out such features, but somehow they survive for hours at a time. Finally, the scientists confirmed the existence of three other moons, which had been only tentatively identified from earlier observations. Two of them are traveling in the same orbit and seem to be edging ever closer, but probably will slip by each other in a kind of celestial waltz approximately two years from now.

Voyager 1 will not be around for that spectacle. After sweeping within 4,000 km (2,500 miles) of Titan, the spacecraft will plunge through the plane of Saturn's rings, soar past the moon Tethys, and on Nov. 12 come to within 124,000 km (77,174 miles) of the planet's cloud tops. Whipped by Saturn's gravity, the spacecraft will then swing quickly up and around the planet, photograph other moons, make a film of Saturn's swiftly moving clouds and rings and, finally, head out of the solar system. ■

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A Glorious, Bubbly Finale

Beverly Sills ends her opera career with a jubilee

In a blizzard of flower petals, balloons, confetti and bravoes, she dipped her final curtsy with all the grace and enfolding gaiety that have made her the country's favorite diva. It was her last hurrah as an opera singer. For more than a quarter of a century audiences have been captivated by her supple, crystalline soprano voice, the musicality of her every acting gesture and her warm, spontaneous personality, which soared—but never efit went for as much as $1,000. For her last role Sills chose Rosalinda in Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus*, the part in which she had made her New York City Opera debut exactly 25 years ago. This night, though, Strauss moved over for Sills. Only the second act was performed, and shortly after Sills embarked on the watch duet with Alan Titus, the stage was de-Straussed. "Beverly!" came a shriek from backstage. Enter Carol Burnett,

Grace and gaiety to mark the end of a career: Beverly Sills enjoys the last bow

Onstage too were Cleopatra, Lucia di Lammermoor, Manon, Anna Bolena and Baby Doe

stomped—across the footlights. There was no phony mystique, no overlay of artistic "temperament" in a world notorious for imperious egos. Sills onstage was indistinguishable from Sills in life: a keenly intelligent, shrewd, ebullient woman (her nickname is Bubbles) who has taken a stable, no-nonsense approach to one of the century's major singing careers

It was typical of Sills to turn her farewell to opera (she will still sing light fare on television) not simply into a lavish party but into a $1 million fund raiser for the New York City Opera, of which she is now general director. The jubilee was at the New York State Theater, in Manhattan's Lincoln Center, before an S.R.O audience of 2,700. Tickets to the gala ben-

Sills' pal and fellow trouper. Leading the diva to center stage, Carol caroled: "Beverly here thought she could sneak out on us!" Fat chance. Thereafter, like Halloween treats, plus a few tricks, came star after star to celebrate Sills.

Evoking a witty television show they did together four years ago, Burnett and Sills swapped roles: Carol singing *Un bel dì* from *Madama Butterfly*, Bubbles busting in with *Stormy Weather*. Dinah Shore came on with *Blues in the Night;* Mary Martin with *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. Ethel Merman belted *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Leontyne Price sang a moving *What I Did for Love* from *A Chorus Line;* Renata Scotto decided to fly *Over the Rainbow*. Bass-Baritone Donald Gramm brought down the house with a Sillified version of *I Want What I Want When I Want It*

From the world of dance came New York City Ballet's Peter Martins and Heather Watts and American Ballet Theater's Cynthia Gregory, who fluttered exquisitely through the *Fledermaus* solo Placido Domingo exalted *Granada*. Sherrill Milnes, who spends much of his time playing villains, sang a poetic, almost prayerful *Maria*. Flutist James Galway, having piped himself on with a penny whistle, dared to play the almost unbearably poignant *Danny Boy* and, through sheer musicianship, let the beauty, not the tears, flow. Not all the celebrants had to perform. Onstage by the evening's end were many more revelers: Joan Mondale, New York City Mayor Edward Koch, Walter Cronkite, Zubin Mehta, Lady Bird Johnson, Sarah Caldwell, Burt Reynolds *et* several *als*

As always, La Sills ended the show with *Portuguese Folk Song*—this time with her own lyrics: *We have shared so much together/ 'Tis not the end but a new start/ So my dears you know I love you/ You'll be forever in my heart*. With that send-off, the crowd went to a ball in a vast, striped tent beside the theater

At 51, Sills is retiring at nearly prime time, with more than 60 roles to her credit. One of her first successes came in Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* The part of the adulterous Baby showed off not only Sills' lyricism and agility but the ineffable aura of youthfulness that her voice retained through most of her career. She triumphed as another young seductress in Massenet's *Manon*. But she achieved her major reputation in florid, commanding roles. In 1966 she became famous overnight with her debut as Cleopatra in Handel's *Julius Caesar*. In later years the bel canto heroines—Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* and his trilogy of queens, in *Roberto Devereux, Maria Stuarda* and *Anna Bolena*—displayed her lightning coloratura. Vocal fireworks were Sills' great strength. In comedies like *The Barber of Seville* she could be earthy, almost broad. But in the tragedies her carriage was noble, her posture plumb-line, her motions filling out the musical line as surely as a dancer's do

She will now address all her formidable energies to the New York City Opera, which she took over in July 1979. The company's health shows in an expanding budget; while deficits exist, they are manageable. Sills believes passionately that the City Opera should be virtually an all-American ensemble. Her own career is emblematic: she demonstrated to young singers that it is possible to succeed without a European apprenticeship. For her company, *un bel dì*. For operagoers, more bubbly times ahead.

—By Michael Demarest

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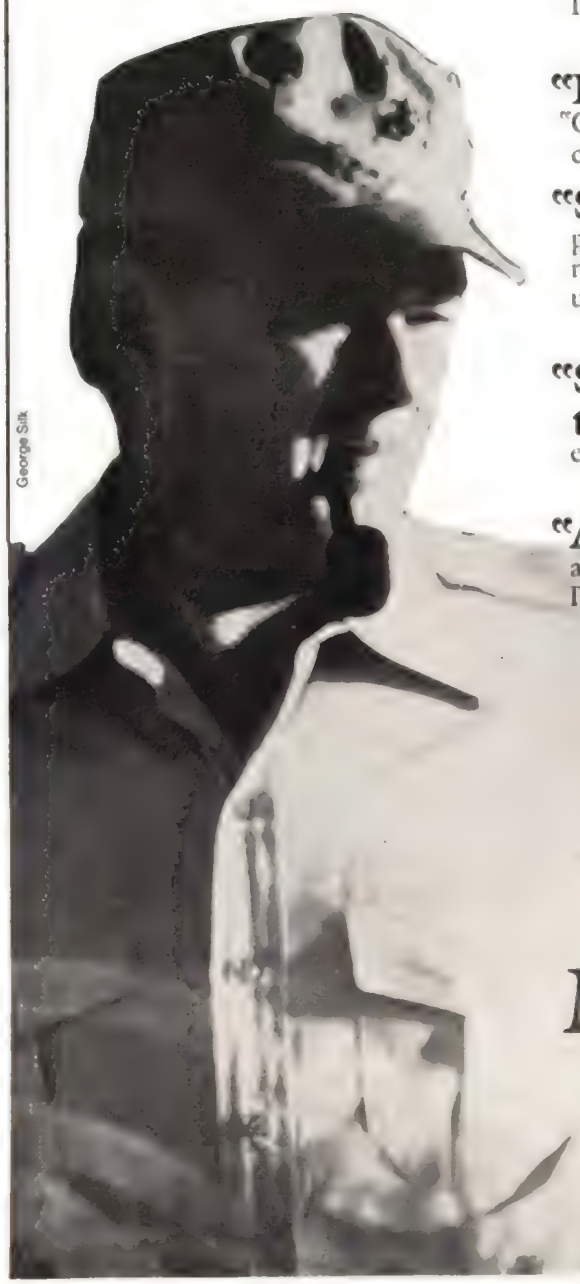

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Doobie Brothers in formal arrangement: from rough gigs in biker bars to their own celebrity golf tournament

Dancing down the Middle

The Doobie Brothers rack the hits and stack the charts

Not ten years ago, Paul Freelob ran the neighborhood head shop. His hair was shoulder length, and he called himself Paul Free. He sold rolling paper, black-light posters and patchouli oil across the counter, and something a little more interesting under it. He wore biker boots, denims contoured by Levi, not Seventh Avenue, and diamond-shaped shades in wire frames. His favorite band was the Doobie Brothers, and he could sing all the words to Listen to the Music

Now the head shop is a freestyle hair salon called the Grin Reapers. Paul has another new name: Lofree. He wears temple-to-temple aviator glasses and designer jeans that inhibit circulation. His shoes are made for jogging, not stomping, and he drives a Japanese sports car. His favorite band is still the Doobie Brothers, and he can sing all the words to What a Fool Believes *as he works on a blow-dry.*

The apocryphal Mr. Freelob is an archetypal Doobies fan. If he could play a little guitar he could even be a Doobie; even if he couldn't play, some spoilsport critic might suggest, he could still join the band. Paul's personal history is a lot like the band's. The Doobies (the name is San Francisco slang for reefer) started out playing for Hell's Angels and similar roughriding biker types ten years ago, had a couple of random hit singles, endured several massive changes of personnel and finished out the '70s as one of the flushest, smoothest groups in pop rock. The Doobies, in fact, define as well as anyone that median straight down the middle of the road where pop meets rock and the bucks are made.

There is certainly no arguing with the statistics. *Minute by Minute* (1979) sold 4 million copies and spawned two hit singles. Their new album, *One Step Closer*, released a month ago, gunned right for the chart tops, packing a hit single, *Real Love*, right along with it. There is no reason to doubt, either, that there are a few more where that came from. Warner Bros. is projecting an album sale of at least 2 million by Christmas, a figure that can make the middle of the road look like the swankest neighborhood in town

If you cannot quarrel with the figures, you can certainly pick a fight with the numbers—the songs. From the straight-ahead tunes of their early years, like *Listen to the Music*, the Doobies have turned fancier, slicker and more synthetic. They were a good singles band that was tuned up and turned into a commercial phenomenon. Producer Ted Templeman did the tuning. When he produced the first Doobies album in 1971, the band was led by Founder Tom Johnston, a hang-tough rocker who wrote many of the group's first hits. Templeman gave the early records an uncluttered, unaffected sound. But as the group started to change, its producer changed with it, and if he did not initiate these changes and new directions, he certainly encouraged them. The Doobies, who over the years have probably had more recruits than the all-volunteer Army, picked up Guitarist Jeff Baxter from Steely Dan, and that group's inverted rhythms, strange melodic breaks and jazzy riffs began, in homogenized form, to seep into the Doobies' music. Johnston dropped out of the group in 1975—accumulated years of hard touring and hard partying had given him an acute case of ulcers—and that same year Baxter suggested another draftee, a Steely Dan tour keyboardist named Michael McDonald

It was McDonald who wrote the band's first major hit in two years, *Takin' It to the Streets*, and helped change the Doobies from journeymen to superstars. McDonald's sprightly, airy tunes telescoped neatly with Templeman's cushy production. The results had hints of funk and disco, discreet jazz inflections and uninsistent horn breaks, and sounded like contemporary nightclub music. McDonald, who professes vast admiration for R & B luminaries like Marvin Gaye and Sam and Dave as well as tunesmiths like Burt Bachrach, says, "I like to write hits. My biggest reason for writing a song is to have it on the radio. It's kind of a Tin Pan Alley approach."

That particular address may be way across town from where the best rock dwells, but the Doobies are flourishing anyway. Guitarist Pat Simmons, the only surviving original Doobie, keeps the group together and resents the oft-repeated criticism that the Doobies are a band musically at war within itself, between the raffishness of the old days and the calculated worldliness of McDonald's songs and his goose-down singing voice. "The Doobies are one band!" he shouted from a concert stage last year. Now, instead of yelling at the audience, he jumps down into the crowd, Springsteen style, and romps among them. Like our old friend Paul Free, he has also had his shoulder-length hair shaped into something more modish, just right for the group's appearances on the Dinah Shore show and their own celebrity golf tournament. The Doobies' management has already booked the boys into Las Vegas. The stage show they are currently touring around the U.S. is a professional and tightly structured turn that could have come straight from the Aladdin, where, indeed, they have appeared eight times. The next time they get to Vegas, the Doobies can look down and see, right at the edge of the ringside seats, Paul Lofree, not caring a bit. And probably singing along too. —*By Jay Cocks.*
Reported by Robert Goldstein/Los Angeles

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[1] Another popular technique is the "paper" car—a phantom automobile registered and insured solely to be reported stolen, then collected on. Thanks to such methods, auto theft *in general* is accelerating at over 10% a year, and cost Americans $2 billion plus in 1979.

[2] Ætna participated in the 1978 National Workshop on Auto-Theft Prevention and was a primary sponsor of last year's Connecticut Auto-Theft Reduction Seminar.

[3] A "fraud profile" asks such questions as: Was the theft reported within 60 days of the insurance policy's effective date? Or was it *not* reported to the police—a basic policy violation? Was the car recovered burned, and hence of no value except to support a claim? Can the claimant produce no ownership title at all? The more suspicious answers, the higher the red flag gets hoisted.

[4] Ætna supports standardizing title procedures and effective disposition of vehicle identification numbers at the wrecking yard. This would put the brakes on "paper" car theft by giving every legitimate vehicle its own "birth" and "death" certificates.

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Looking Ahead by Cutting Back

Eleven competing towns get all charged up over saving energy

The sleepy little hamlet of Monterey, Mass., tucked away in the Berkshire Hills, seemed to have fallen into a time warp. As the 760 winter residents of the resort community went about their business, no radio or television could be heard. At Millie Walsh's Mobil station on Route 23 just past the center of town, the electric clock had stopped and the giant soft-drink cooler was turned off. At Arthur and Alice Somers' huge Victorian manse on the edge of nearby Lake Garfield, the cavernous, antiquated kitchen was bathed in the soft glow of kerosene lamps and candles. Alice Somers heated corn chowder on an 1887 Rollhaus wood stove, meanwhile keeping her eye on the mulled cider that simmered near by. In the barn behind his parents' 230-year-old colonial home, John Maycuk, 17, helped his Jersey cow give birth to a heifer by the light of a kerosene lantern.

If the good folks of Monterey seemed a little behind the times, it was because they were looking to the future. Along with the residents of ten other towns in the Northeastern U.S. and eastern Canada, they were trying to cut their energy usage as part of a three-day conservation competition. The effort was sponsored by the Northeast International Committee on Energy, founded in 1978 by the six New England Governors and the premiers of Canada's five eastern provinces. In addition to Monterey, the American communities were Middlebury, Vt.; Ellsworth, Me.; Plymouth, N.H.; Mansfield, Conn.; and Burrillville, R.I. From the north came stiff competition—frozen stiff in some cases—from Summerside, P.E.I.; Grand Falls Windsor, Nfld.; Bridgewater, N.S.; St. Stephen, N.B.; and Baie Comeau, Que.

In Summerside, P.E.I., banking Liberace-style

In Summerside (pop. 10,200), an agricultural center on P.E.I.'s south shore, once noted for its schooners and wooden sailing ships, temperatures plunged below the freezing mark. The town normally pays the highest electricity bills in Canada because it taps diesel-fueled generators for most of its power. During the competition, however, the Summerside branch of the Royal Bank of Canada turned its thermostat down to a spartan 50°. Bundled in sweaters, the bank's employees toiled busily by the light of Coleman lanterns, kerosene lamps, candlesticks and even silver candelabra they had brought from home. Meanwhile, in the red brick town hall, city workers left electric typewriters and adding machines unplugged and addressed tax forms by hand.

In Middlebury (pop. 7,000), a calendar-picture college town nestled in the heart of Vermont's richest farm land, the old school spirit prevailed. Middlebury College students ate their evening meals by candlelight and the townsfolk gave away tickets for a regular Friday-night football game to those who had turned off their lamps and television sets. A community cookout followed the game—over wood fires, naturally. The elderly warmed their feet by keeping time to a fiddlers' contest.

Back in Monterey, residents mounted a parade that surpassed even the festivities for the town's 125th anniversary eight years ago. Included in the procession: the band and drum majorettes from Mount Everett Regional High School, the town's new fire engine and police cruiser and a float featuring a windmill, water wheel and solar panel.

Because the total energy use of most small towns can be easily measured, full participation by all the residents was virtually a necessity. Middlebury schools sponsored lectures and films on conservation. Ministers in their pulpits preached the benefits of being energy efficient. The 500 pupils of Summerside's Greenfield Elementary School filled every available inch of wall space with imaginative collages bearing such messages as CUT BACK, JACK and LESS WATER, DAUGHTER. Monterey Police Chief Douglas Lyman went so far as to get up every morning and drive to the hospital in nearby Great Barrington to shave and clean up. Said Lyman: "I haven't taken a bath or shaved at home since this whole thing started."

When the final kilowatts were tallied, there were three official winners in the competition, but no real losers. Middlebury's "Alternity" week (an abbreviation of alternative energy for eternity) was named as the best overall conservation effort. St. Stephen (pop. 6,000), a prosperous fishing and lumbering town near the U.S. border, sliced 17.5% off its electricity consumption, edging out Monterey's 15.6% drop, to take the overall energy reduction award. The small pulp and paper center of Grand Falls–Windsor (combined pop. 15,000) was dubbed the most creative for having a town crier stalk through the streets exhorting the townspeople to turn off unnecessary lights and appliances. Regardless of their meter readings, most participants were charged up with a new sense of civic unity after the contest. Said Millie Walsh of Monterey: "I felt we'd won before any of this, and I still do. We're still on a high, with or without first place." ■

A Monterey, Mass., resident phones as her one-horse-power transportation idles curbside

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Occasionally nature needs help: San Diego's Mandavu in her cast; London's baby puma Bonny, a product of artificial insemination, with mom

Environment

Playing God, and Noah, at Zoos

Increasingly, they must not just exhibit, but also save and breed

At 7,000 lbs., she was not Dr. David Gershuni's everyday kind of patient. But the orthopedic surgeon, working early one morning in a large barn at the San Diego Wild Animal Park, was unfazed by his jumbo task: to place a cast around the fractured leg of a twelve-year-old African elephant named Mandavu.

Mandavu had tumbled into the moat around her compound one night and broken two bones of her lower right rear leg. When the leg did not heal, it seemed that Mandavu might have to be put out of her misery—even though she was in the twelfth month of a 21-month pregnancy. So zoo officials decided on an operation that had been performed only once before.

It was, well, an elephantine undertaking. Mandavu had to be properly fettered, so she could be easily anesthetized with an injection in the rump. Her keepers also had to make sure that when she went to sleep she slumped over on her left side, to expose the injured right leg. Finally, everything had to be done quickly; if Mandavu were kept anesthetized too long, she might suffocate under her own weight.

Assisted by some 20 people, Gershuni first made an incision in the elephant's tough skin just below her knee, using a foot-long saw instead of a scalpel. Then, with an electric drill, he cut a hole through one of the fractured bones and shoved in a 12-in.-long steel pin; this served as an anchor for the heavy hoof-to-knee cast. Three and a half hours later Mandavu was brought back to consciousness. Within minutes she lumbered to her feet, apparently no worse for the experience. It will be months before the zookeepers can tell if the fracture has healed, but Mandavu seems to have accepted the massive cast, and her pregnancy remains normal.

Indian rock python with oral tumor

Mandavu's misfortune is not uncommon at the 1,800-acre Wild Animal Park and sister San Diego Zoo, which together house 6,500 animals of 1,050 different species. In a typical month, dozens of them wind up on the sick list as a result of diabetes, birth complications, infected teeth, or any one of a score of other problems, including injuries from fighting.

Replacing such animals, at a time when they are increasingly endangered in the wild, is almost impossible. Says Pathologist Kurt Benirschke, the San Diego Zoo's director of research: "Five years ago, if a tiger died, you paid $2,000 and bought a new one. You can't do that any more." So zoos find themselves assuming a new responsibility. Besides exhibiting animals, they must keep ailing ones like Mandavu alive and, even more important, breed rare varieties. Says William Conway, head of the New York Zoological Society: "More species are going to have to be sustained in captivity if they are going to survive at all."

Some dental work for a lowland gorilla

Breeding raises serious ethical questions. Which species should be selected for such programs? And how can problems of genetic inbreeding be avoided in limited zoo populations? In September, the American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums set up a "species survival" program to deal with such issues. Warns Conway: "If zoos are going to function as an ark, it's going to

No protests from a northern Chinese leopard as it lies still for an X ray

have to be a rather exclusive ark."

Though zookeepers may not like to play God, or even Noah, they are already doing that in a modest way. Among the animals successfully bred at the Bronx Zoo are Przewalski's horses, a wild species now believed to be extinct in its native Mongolia; Père David's deer, which vanished from China around the turn of the century; and the European bison, only recently reintroduced into Poland, where the last wild one was killed in 1921.

As would-be panda breeders have learned, getting animals to breed in captivity is not always easy. Sometimes Mother Nature must be fooled. At the Bronx Zoo, ornithologists have induced cranes and puffins to begin laying eggs earlier in the season by installing large floodlights that make the birds think spring has arrived. They have also sped up the Andean condor's usual lethargic reproduction rate of one chick every two years, by snatching away the eggs soon after one is laid and incubating it so that the mother is free to lay more eggs.

Perhaps the bravest new world technique involves the Bronx Zoo's herd of gaur, large wild cattle from southern Asia. By treating a female with hormones, the zookeepers got her to produce more than her usual number of eggs. After fertilization the embryos were removed and implanted in domestic cows, which are now acting as surrogate mothers. If the experiment works, it will be the first time different species have been successfully transplanted into domestic cattle.

San Diego Zoo scientists are pondering a long-distance scheme whereby their Siberian tigress would be fertilized by sperm from a male Siberian in Hamburg. Her eggs might then be implanted in various lionesses, leaving the tigress free to produce several litters a year. Such experiments could be aided by computerized stud books being produced by a program dubbed ISIS (for International Species Inventory System), which has compiled lists of animals at some 130 zoos.

Still, at times, old-fashioned methods work best. The Bronx Zoo has produced six baby gorillas through ordinary mating, encouraged partly by surrounding prospective fathers with lovelies—three or four females for every male. Conway notes with pride that male gorillas from the Bronx on loan to other zoos "have achieved a certain reputation as studs."

Other zoos are pushing their own breeding efforts. At the London Zoo last summer, a baby puma named Bonny was born via artificial insemination to a mother rendered receptive by hormone injections. Although Bonny made history as the world's first artificially bred big cat, many Britons found the event to be decidedly unblessed. In a letter to the London *Times*, one complained bitterly: "No matter how near extinction they may be, there can be no excuse for maintaining the race alive in a glass case." But zoo officials see the birth as a first step toward the widespread artificial propagation of endangered breeds of big cats.

Besides restocking animals for display, some zoos hope such breeding experiments can provide the basis for new populations in protected habitats. The London Zoo has already helped put zoo-bred chimpanzees into the forests of Gambia, where they seem to be surviving. Several of the Bronx Zoo's condors now dive and wheel over the mountains of Peru. One of the most prestigious breeding programs has been established on the island of Jersey in the English Channel, where a British group under the honorary directorship of Biologist-Author Gerald Durrell has been breeding everything from rare primates (lemurs and marmosets) to endangered birds (the brown-eared pheasant and thick-billed parrot) and reptiles (the red-footed tortoise and Jamaican boa).

Perhaps the ultimate protection against species extinction is what the San Diego scientists call their Frozen Zoo. More than just a sperm bank, it is a repository of fibroblast cells taken from the connective tissue of hundreds of exotic wild animals, ranging from Sumatran tigers to Uganda's pygmy chimps. These cells, which are easier to store and grow than most, are kept in liquid nitrogen at a temperature of −196° C (−320° F) against the day when technology will be ready to reawaken them. Says San Diego's Benirschke: "We could probably get along all right without the rhino, and we're doing all right without the dodo. But do we want to have a world with just cats, dogs, sheep, cattle, chickens and sparrows?" —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/London and Diane Coutu/San Diego*

Its jaws taped to prevent an angry snap, an alligator awaits treatment for growth on foot

Sometimes it takes brave new world techniques, sometimes only a few lovelies will do.

The Twenties' Bleak New World

In Minneapolis, a show of the German "new objectivity"

From top: ***Count St. Genois d'Anneaucourt*, 1927, by Schad; Grosz's *Gray Day (State Functionary for the War Wounded)*, 1921; *Industrialized Farmers*, 1920, by Scholz**

The show entitled "German Realism of the Twenties: The Artist as Social Critic," which opened earlier this fall at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and moves to Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art on Nov. 22, deals with an aspect of modernism that 15 years ago was thought hardly worth discussing. What could be further from the concerns of Matisse or Braque than the images to which German intellectuals gave the name *Neue Sachlichkeit*—"new objectivity"? There, in contrast to the French tradition of measure, delectation and ordered feeling, of art "above" politics, was a cold, laconic, even squalid-looking art that wanted to contribute its voice to the tormented political theater of the Weimar Republic. It was antiexpressionist too; painters like Otto Dix, George Grosz or Christian Schad, having survived the 1914 war, and being immersed in the suffering, inflation and political instability of their defeated country, had no time for the cloudy redemptive ecstasies of German expressionism: its inwardness was, so to speak, an insult to the collective. "My aim is to be understood by *everyone*," Grosz wrote in 1925. "I reject the 'depth' that people demand nowadays, into which you can never descend without a veritable diving bell crammed with cabalistic crap and intellectual metaphysics. This expressionist anarchy has got to stop."

Instead, the "new realists" proposed something more detached, skeptical and hardheaded: an art of the street, the café, the factory line, the docks and brothels. Some of its collective character might be gleaned from the title Bertolt Brecht gave one of his poems: "700 Intellectuals Pray to an Oil Tank." It was a pessimistic movement. Nobody involved with *Neue Sachlichkeit* believed in the machine-utopias that were an article of faith among the romantics at the Bauhaus. When an artist like Carl Grossberg (1894-1940) painted factory installations, he gave them a deserted, haunting quality, as though some German De Chirico had been set loose in the Ruhr. De Chirico was the main prototype for the fantastic images of this wing of the German avant-garde; there was, for instance, a ready connection to be made between the tailor's dummies he had painted and the cripples depicted by Grosz or Dix, prosthetic men displaying the body re-formed by politics. Grossberg combined suggestions of both in *The Diver*, 1931, an exceedingly odd image of an empty diving suit, virginally white, standing pathetically within the rushing perspective of a glass-walled Gropius-type factory.

Such paintings suggest the strength of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* tendency to paint a world beyond the spectator's control—not Léger's confidence in technology, but glimpses of an airless place, always the city, with looming buildings, threatening, gray and crystalline, where the exact divisions between things seem to mirror the divisions and conflicts of class that concerned many of the painters. In particular,

***The Diver*, 1931, by Carl Grossberg**

Between assaults, an icy detachment

they obsessed Grosz. One of his friends called him "a Bolshevik in painting, nauseated by painting." This was not quite true, for although Grosz once declared that compared with the practical tasks of political revolution, art was "an utterly secondary affair," it was the only weapon he had, and he used it diligently. Grosz's theater of capitalism is as clear and simple as the plot of an old morality play. Everything and everyone, except the victims, is for sale; all social transactions, except the class solidarity of workers, are poisoned at the root; the world is run by four breeds of pig: capitalist, officer, priest and whore. Such are the ingredients of caricature, but Grosz, especially in his early postwar work like *Gray Day (State Functionary for the War Wounded)*, 1921, extracted a mean, indignant poetry from them.

In every way, the ferocity of the Weimar artists echoed the instability of the society itself, its institutions continually

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atotter from the assaults of left and right, of which the final result was the triumph of Hitler. But to classify them all (as the catalogue sloppily does) as "realist" is simply to abolish the meaning of the word. Art that commits itself to the application of virulent stereotypes, as Grosz's did, is not realist at all, and this problem becomes still worse with a painter like Georg Scholz. Scholz's *Industrialized Farmers*, 1920, is all rant and bile directed against the country folk whose profiteering helped cause the postwar shortages of food in German cities. Sly, pig-stupid and stuffed with moral rectitude, this rural trio looks like a brutal parody of Grant Wood's *American Gothic* (in fact, it was painted ten years earlier). Scholz took care to spread his political insult as far as possible: Weimar inflation is symbolized by the cretinous child, snot-nosed and snaggle-toothed, blowing up a live frog by means of a straw stuck in its anus. In the end, one would need to be half a thug to be politically swayed by such an image.

The best *Neue Sachlichkeit* painting was of another order of sensibility, and the true discovery of the show—at least for an American audience—is the work of Christian Schad. Done in a meticulous, balanced and tightly focused style, the paint as "inexpressive" as enamel, Schad's portraits were among the most brilliant inventions of the 1920s. They scan their subjects with a proud, icy detachment. Far from presenting all society as a freak show, Schad could extract a precise and measured beauty from "otherness"; hence the toughness and dignity of his painting of two Berlin circus performers, *Agoston the Pigeon-Chested Man and Rasha the Black Dove*, 1929, and the epigrammatic quality of his portrait of a Viennese wastrel named the Count St. Genois, flanked by a prostitute and a tough old transvestite who looks like a vulture with buttocks. Schad's distaste for moralizing and grotesquerie seems to have issued from the belief that social truth is, in and for itself, more interesting than judgment. In their scrupulous "objectivity," his portraits of fellow artists, intellectuals, writers like Egon Kisch (the inventor of the "new journalism" of the '20s) and the tense flotsam of the Berlin demimonde are spiritually akin to the photographs of his great contemporary August Sander, also represented in this show, who set out to make a no-comment record of all walks of life in the Weimar Republic. Schad's paintings, like much other *Neue Sachlichkeit* realism, are part of a worldwide context—the recoil toward precise and sober form that one can see in America in Charles Sheeler's grain elevators or Gerald Murphy's giant watch face. But they are also visibly and determinedly part of a social whole. The ambition to function as exemplary public speech, to interpret, comment on and shape the fabric of the time instead of just decorating it, is what makes the culture of Weimar Germany so interesting today. —*By Robert Hughes*

Law

Fresh Start—or Cover-Up?

A New Jersey statute lets ex-cons "expunge" their records

Among thousands of former New Jersey convicts, a new 18-page manual called *Clearing the Record* is must reading. Put together by two experts at a Camden legal clinic for the poor, it tells how a criminal slate can be wiped clean under a year-old state "expungement" law that is the most advanced of its kind in the nation. The statute offers no help to most repeat offenders and those guilty of serious crimes like robbery and rape; rather, it is aimed at people who have fallen afoul of the law once or twice but have otherwise "led a life of rectitude." Requests for this legal ablution are averaging 100 a month, and about 25% are being granted.

Expungement is in demand because a criminal record can prevent a person from getting a job, admission to a school or financial credit. A record can also be psychologically haunting. Stephan Haimowitz, one of the manual's authors, says interest in expungement is keen among older people, "who seem to have an emotional desire to leave this world with an unblemished record."

The New Jersey program does not offer instant record cleansing. Someone convicted for passing a bad check, for example, must let five years pass from the end of his sentence or probation before he can seek expungement; more serious offenders, like a grand larcenist, must wait ten years. Once the required interval has elapsed, the applicant submits a petition and a $30 filing fee to a judge, who must schedule a hearing within 60 days. If there are no objections from the police or other agencies, the request is usually granted. The ex-con's criminal record is then sealed, rather than destroyed. It may be consulted in the future by judges and certain other officials, but not by employers or other private persons. Anyone who illegally releases such files can be fined up to $200

Many states, including New Jersey, provide for the sealing of arrest records when no conviction follows. What is new, and where New Jersey is in the lead, is the expungement of conviction records. Most states have long sealed the records of juvenile offenders. In the past decade many have extended this protection to grownups convicted of minor crimes; some 35 states now will erase convictions for small drug offenses, like possession of marijuana.

The Congress, which has been trying to produce a new federal criminal code since 1966, is divided over expungement. Under a 1950 law, the convictions of certain criminals up to age 26 can be "set aside," but courts have differed on whether that means the sealing of records. The Senate version of the new code would wipe out the 1950 law, while the House bill would water it down a bit. But both chambers want to permit expungement of minor drug offenses.

Many critics are alarmed that records can be made to "lie" legally. "You can't change history and pretend it never happened," says Douglas Watts, staff counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Expungement may hinder police trying to develop leads. It also could be used to shield police conduct from public scrutiny. Asks Jack Landau, head of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press: "How can you monitor the behavior of law enforcement if records are sealed?" Some businessmen, moreover, have legitimate grounds for digging into the past of prospective employees. Concedes University of Nebraska Law Professor Richard Harnsberger, a proponent of expungement: "If someone has been convicted of embezzlement, a bank has a reason to know before offering a job."

Landau prefers a different safeguard: a statute banning unreasonable discrimination based on old convictions. Eight states, including New Jersey, now have such a law.* But these strictures mean that an ex-con with a beef about discrimination might have to file a lawsuit, generally a lengthy and expensive undertaking. Expungement supporters argue that cleaning a record is only fair. Says Nebraska's Harnsberger: "If you serve the penalty provided by the judicial system, you shouldn't have to pay a lot of other penalties," such as being rejected for jobs. There is a practical reason as well. Says Georgetown University Law Professor Herbert Miller: "It's in society's best interest not to hold down ex-cons. You're inviting them to vent some pretty frustrated feelings." ■

*The other seven: Connecticut, Florida, Minnesota, New Mexico, Washington, Hawaii and New York.

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Harvests Down, Prices Up

Grain markets groan, sugar sours, and the cost of eating escalates

A world economy already staggering under the impact of repeated blows from petro-inflation is now staring at another and different onslaught: higher food costs. Disappointing harvests in several of the world's key agricultural producing nations have resulted in soaring agricultural prices. From the truck farms of Japan to the wheatfields of Poland, bad weather and dismal crop yields are putting a sharp pinch in the global production of everything from meat and grain to vegetables.

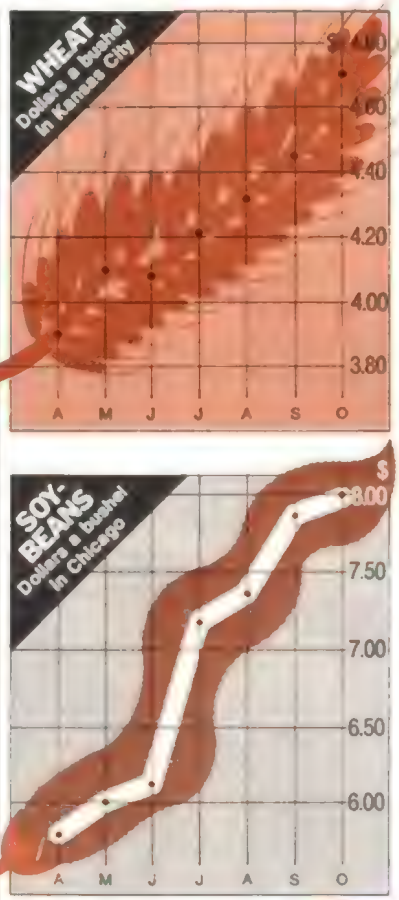
The poor harvests climax almost a year of turmoil in world agricultural markets. Farmers were thrown into a spin in January, when the U.S. partially embargoed food exports to the Soviet Union in retaliation for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Prices plummeted, and by last spring, many farmers were facing ruin. Then came the summerlong drought that seared the U.S. heartland.

The nation's wheat crop was harvested before the weather turned bad, and as a result was excellent. But corn and soybean production is down sharply. The corn harvest has fallen from 7.7 billion bu. to 6.4 billion bu., while soybean output is down from 2.2 billion bu. in 1979 to 1.7 billion bu.

Adverse weather has reduced grain harvests in the world's three other major exporting countries as well: Canada, Australia and Argentina. The Canadian Wheat Board labeled this year's crop "disappointing." Australian wheat farmers are suffering the worst drought of this century, which has reduced the present harvest from an anticipated 15 million metric tons to 9.5 million. Argentina has also had lower than normal production because of dry weather.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Union's just completed summer grain harvest is poor. Preliminary tallies show a total crop of no more than 181 million tons, a 23% shortfall from the 235 million-ton target set by Moscow planning officials. This means that Soviet buyers will be stalking the world's grain markets more determinedly than ever.

A tip-off of Soviet intentions came in September, when Swiss customs officials reported that Soviet traders had quietly resumed selling large quantities of gold in the Zurich bullion market. The sales, which were the first in nine months, are often used to acquire Western currencies in order to pay for grain imports.



To the heavy Soviet imports are likely to be added large Chinese grain imports. Peking will buy 7.5 million metric tons of American cereals this year, in contrast to 4 million in 1979. Two weeks ago, the U.S. and China signed a four-year agreement that will permit the People's Republic to buy annually up to 9 million tons of American grain without prior approval of the U.S. Government.

The low harvests and high demand have already begun pushing up prices. Wheat has gone from $3.98 per bu. in early April to $4.90 last week. During that same period, corn jumped from $2.98 to $3.49, and soybeans rose from $5.68 to $8.57. Because soybeans are a primary feedstock for cattle, poultry and pork, the higher prices are emerging as similarly steep increases at the meat counter. By next summer, a pound of hamburger that currently sells for $1.79 could be going for $2.40.

This year's poor harvests and rising prices have also hit sugar. Since January, the cost of the sweetener has increased at the supermarket by about 90%, to 88¢ per lb. Part of the squeeze traces to Eastern Europe, where very heavy spring and summer rains soured the sugar-beet harvest. That has forced both the Soviet Union and Poland to buy heavily in world markets.

Sugar exports from the Western Hemisphere have also declined. Cuba's crop this year was raked by the rust fungus. The Cubans lost about 1 million tons of their 6.5 million-ton-harvest to the disease. As a result, the Castro government has cut its deliveries to the Soviet Union, which normally takes approximately half its crop, by about 30%.

Brazil, Latin America's other big sugar producer, accounts for close to 10% of world output and has enjoyed a good harvest. But sugar in that country is now winding up as an important source of automotive fuel instead of as a sweetener on dinner tables. Brazil has embarked on a crash program to manufacture ethyl-alcohol automobile fuel from sugar cane. And last month, when the Persian Gulf war halted oil shipments from Iraq, which supplies 50% of Brazil's petroleum imports, the government slapped an emergency ban on

all new sugar export contracts. The action is expected to remove at least 500,000 metric tons of the commodity from the world's 1981 supply.

While world agricultural markets grow tighter, the American embargo on farm exports to the Soviet Union is showing more and more signs of collapsing. Says C. Robert Saathoff, a grain expert with the Wall Street investment firm Bache and Co.: "Whenever you have many suppliers, an embargo is usually effective only in the first six months to a year at most."

Before the January embargo, Moscow had planned to import some 25 million tons of grain from the U.S. during 1980, as well as about 12 million tons more from other nations. The Carter Administration stopped the export of approximately 17 million tons, but the Soviets have been able to make up for most of that on world markets. The Soviet Union has been obtaining large amounts of wheat and corn from Argentina, which refused to support the U.S. boycott. Usually the Soviets are forced to pay higher prices to these suppliers than they paid the U.S.

Some grain exporters have picked up part of the trade slack by thinly disguised transshipments. During the twelve months preceding September 1979, for example, only 764,000 metric tons of U.S. wheat were shipped from Duluth, Minn., to Canada. But in the following twelve months, the quantity more than doubled, to 1.8 million tons. Says William Cortez of the Duluth Port Authority: "This is definitely not grain for Canadian consumption. You have to assume that it is being shipped elsewhere."

Now France is trying to give the embargo the *coup de grâce*. France, which is Western Europe's leading grain producer, although it is not a major world exporter, has just completed a bumper harvest. The French this year will have 3 million to 4 million tons of wheat available for export. As a member of the European Community, France is bound by a pledge made last winter that it would not take advantage of the American embargo by boosting its own grain exports to the Soviet Union. But now the French government wants the Community to shelve the commitment on the ground that, indirectly at least, the U.S. has not been abiding by its own embargo.

Despite the recent sharp price increases, farm experts do not expect a total runaway in the cost of grain and other commodities, such as occurred following the disastrous Soviet crop failure in 1972. Grain inventories around the world still provide a modest reserve cushion, and that should stop any serious agricultural shortages during the coming year, when world grain consumption is expected to exceed production by 37 million tons. On the other hand, another harvest as bad as this year's, and nations could find themselves facing disturbing shortages. —*By Christopher Byron*

The Auto Industry Sees Red

Detroit leads a parade of low earnings reports

Bad tidings poured forth from many of the largest U.S. corporations last week. Reports on their business between July and September were distressingly poor. The stale economic climate choked off profits in most sectors of the economy, from steel and chemicals to mining and building supplies. Data Resources, Inc., a Lexington, Mass., economic forecasting firm, projected that corporate profits had fallen 5.8% from the same period a year ago.

The greatest shocks were felt in the auto industry. All three major carmakers took baths in red ink. Ford's third-quarter loss of $595 million was the second largest in U.S. history.* General Motors' $567 million deficit and Chrysler's $490 million were nearly as disastrous. Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca predicted that the three companies' combined losses on their North American operations this year could reach $8 billion. "Maybe, as Carter said, we need a Marshall Plan for this industry," he added.

Detroit's huge losses were a poignant reminder of the U.S. auto industry's continuing problems with slow sales and tough foreign competitors. Said Automotive Stock Analyst Arvid Jouppi: "The industry is now in a crucial period. The Big Three must stop the bleeding."

Despite all the reports of Chrysler's troubles, Ford appears to be the automaker with the most serious woes. So far this year, it has lost $1.2 billion, a stunning red mirror image of its $1.2 billion profit during the first nine months of last year. Even Ford's once prosperous overseas operations lost $26 million in the third quarter, in contrast to a $402 million profit in 1979.

Of all the American automakers, Ford was least prepared for the sudden shift in consumer demand to small, fuel-sipping cars. It will take another two years before the company has a sufficient lineup of front-wheel-drive autos to compete with General Motors, Chrysler and foreign imports. The company was also hit last week by the second lowering in its long-term debt rating this year; Standard & Poor's gave Ford's corporate bonds a simple A, rather than AA, rating. The change will make it much more expensive for the company to borrow the money needed to retool plants for small-car production.

The poor third-quarter company reports were centered primarily in some of America's oldest industries. Data Resources estimated that steel companies' earnings fell 96%. U.S. Steel profits were down 12.7%, and the company would have lost money except for the sale of $77.8 million worth of its cement division and some real estate. Bethlehem Steel lost $32.3 million in the third quarter, as contrasted with a $74.8 million profit during the same period a year ago. Chemical giant Du Pont reported an earnings decline of 61%. Since the housing industry had been especially hard hit by high interest rates, building supply manufacturers also took a beating. Boise-Cascade's operating profits dropped 40%, and Johns-Manville's were off 54%.

Even the once seemingly impregnable oil companies, which last year at this time were posting profit increases of about 100%, had more modest earnings growth between July and September. Profits for the industry as a whole were up just 7.6%. Exxon's earnings grew by 18%, but Gulf Oil's fell by 41%.

The poor quarterly reports show that some U.S. corporations have yet to escape from the mire of recession, despite signals that the slump is over. The Government reported last week that its index of leading economic indicators, which seeks to predict future business trends, jumped 2.4% in September, the fourth consecutive monthly increase. Yet interest rates continue to rise like an incoming tide. Major banks last week hiked the rate they charge their best corporate customers another half point to 14.5%. That could easily snuff out any strong economic recovery, and it may mean that business reports for the fourth quarter of the year will be as bleak as those released last week. ■

*U.S. Steel still holds the dubious record for the worst ever. Its loss for the fourth quarter of 1979 was $668.9 million.

An $8 Billion Dilemma

Will the Iranian assets thaw as fast as they froze? No

Once the Iranian parliament set the terms for freeing the 52 American hostages, a major question loomed in the minds of bankers and businessmen around the world. How, exactly, will President Carter be able to meet the Khomeini government's demand that he unfreeze $8 billion in official Iranian assets that were blocked last November in U.S. banks and overseas branches? Insisted one top Treasury Department policymaker: "We're sure as hell not going to let a couple of courtrooms stand in the way of releasing those Americans." Nonetheless,

David Rockefeller of Chase Manhattan Bank
A bewildering googolplex of court battles.

Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller has already warned that the Iranians will be very disappointed if they expect to get their hands on those funds immediately.

A number of factors could cause a delay. After the Iranian deposits were frozen almost a year ago, many big banks followed the lead of Chase Manhattan and used their Iranian deposits to offset loans made to the late Shah of Iran that had gone into default. More troublesome, though, are the claims by insurance companies, computer software firms, construction outfits, airlines and private individuals against the Iranian funds. Said one New York banker last week: "They were lined up around the block as if to see an X-rated movie."

The result is a bewildering googolplex of suits, countersuits, liens, writs, motions and applications that will probably meander through the courts for years. Michael Mealey, an enterprising Pennsylvanian, now edits a newsletter, *Iranian Assets Litigation Reporter*, that tells about the latest legal skirmishes and costs $1,800 a year.

There is now some dispute over exactly how much in Iranian funds is frozen. Treasury Department officials, who are charged with keeping score, concede that the tally may now be closer to $11 billion than $8 billion. The 1.6 million oz. of Iranian gold on deposit at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, for example, was valued at about $600 million in November 1979, but it is now worth more than $1 billion because of higher gold prices. Meanwhile, interest has been accruing on the $5 billion worth of Iranian deposits in U.S. banks.

The National Security Council and the State Department are considering different ways to return as much money to Tehran as quickly as possible, but no final decisions have yet been reached. The gold and an extra $1.3 billion that the Iranians have invested in U.S. Government securities could be shifted quickly into an Iranian account. Even the $1.5 billion that private banks have seized to offset their Iranian loans could probably be pried loose with the cooperation of international bankers. There would probably be an understanding that the Iranians would accelerate the settlement of the old loans. So far, the Khomeini regime has continued to make payments on the non-American portions of Iranian debts.

The real stumbling block in settling the Iranian assets issue will be the claims brought by companies and individuals who were owed money for work they once did in Iran, or who have been the victims of expropriation since the revolution. The latest of these claimants is Xerox, which last week asked a federal court for a lien of $85 million against the frozen assets. Xerox is seeking to receive payment for Rank Xerox Iran, a company that it owns jointly with Britain's Rank Organization. Iran's Bonyad-e Mostasafin, a foundation set up by the Iranian government to seize the Shah's holdings, has now allegedly taken over the company.

There are more than 270 separate legal actions like the Xerox one, and the claims total about $6 billion. In September, Federal Judge Kevin Duffy confirmed the attachment of assets amounting to about $3 billion. This means that $3 billion in Iranian assets cannot be removed from U.S. banks until the legal claims on them are resolved by American courts. This could take decades. Indeed, cases of U.S. claims against Cuban expropriation of American assets after Fidel Castro came to power in 1959 are still awaiting settlement.

Administration officials say that it is likely the President would commit the U.S. to return all the Iranian assets, but he would leave the precise method for doing so to be determined later. The Iranians, who find themselves increasingly isolated in the world community and short of money to fight an expensive war, are apt to go along with a compromise. Whatever the immediate solution, the real winners may be the lawyers, who are likely to earn their own fortunes fighting court battles over the Iranian funds. ■

Harvard Inc.?

Gold in those test tubes

In university laboratories across the U.S., scientists are manipulating genes to create new forms of life: tiny bacteria that might be able to clean up toxic chemical wastes or produce anticancer agents on a grand scale. The potential profits from this work are so enormous that many researchers have set up companies like the highly touted Genentech. Now the schools themselves are looking for test-tube gold. In what would be an unprecedented step, Harvard University is considering starting a genetic-engineering firm to cash in on its scientists' breakthroughs. President Derek Bok has called for faculty comment on the idea, and the final decision is expected this month.

Critics immediately contended that such a move would compromise academic ideals. They argued that the free exchange of information among scientists could be blocked by the hoarding of trade secrets and that professors performing experiments with a market potential would receive the most research money and promotions.

Harvard General Counsel Daniel Steiner was ready with responses to the protests. He said that the university would be a minority shareholder in the new firm and that most if not all of the seed money would come from private venture capital concerns. Harvard would not manage the company, and its scientists would be consultants, not employees, of the firm. Finally, the laboratories would be located off campus.

President Bok

With the cost of everything from dormitory heating to dining hall food soaring, many cash-starved colleges will be watching Harvard's actions closely. Says Vice Provost Gerald Lieberman of Stanford, where informal discussions about entering the gene business are also under way: "We all have very serious financial problems, and we must explore all avenues if we are to continue." ■

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MORE PONTIAC KNOW-HOW TO THE GALLON

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Bankers' Banker

A world job for A.W. Clausen

In the midst of trying to round up final stray votes on the campaign trail, Jimmy Carter last week took time out to nominate Bank of America President A.W. (Alden Winship) Clausen, 57, to succeed Robert S. McNamara, 64, as president of the World Bank. The White House made the announcement now in order to head off growing sentiment among the 138 nations making up the World Bank that it was time for a non-American to head the organization. Ever since the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund were jointly founded in 1944, the bank has been headed by an American and the IMF by a European. Although the U.S. has the largest block of votes on the bank's board of directors, the other nations could theoretically combine to back another candidate.

Known officially as the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, the World Bank initially helped finance the rebuilding of Europe after World War II. After the 1950s, however, it moved its attention to economic development in the Third World. The bank lends money to poor countries at very low interest rates for such projects as agricultural development and electrification of rural areas. The U.S. has contributed 21% of the organization's working capital, but Congress in recent years has been very unwilling to appropriate more funds for the bank.

Under McNamara, the World Bank embarked on an ambitious program to increase lending commitments to $30 billion by 1985. Last year the bank lent over $12 billion, up from $1 billion in 1968, when McNamara was appointed president. In an emotional farewell speech to the bank's annual meeting last month, McNamara defended often unpopular foreign aid to underdeveloped countries. Said he: "Investment in the human potential of the poor is not only morally right, it's very sound economics."

When McNamara announced that he would be stepping down after his 65th birthday next June 9, Carter briefly considered former United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young for the post. But when he tested the idea privately, Democratic advisers and businessmen vetoed the nomination as too controversial. Administration officials had also begun drawing up a list of suitable candidates. Clausen was on the list of ten names presented to Carter because he had both an international-finance background and an interest in the problems of the developing world. Some other names on the list were said to be Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Anthony Solomon, former Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs at the Treasury Department and now president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and Peter Peterson, an investment banker and onetime Secretary of Commerce.

Known to friends as Tom because of a role he once had in a high school play, Clausen was a popular choice. The World Bank directors are expected to approve his nomination within a few weeks. Fellow Californian Ronald Reagan, whom Carter consulted before naming Clausen, has also approved the appointment. Although a Republican, Clausen was rumored to be Carter's first choice for Secretary of the Treasury in 1976, but he was never formally offered the job because he said privately that he was not interested in a political post. He is a strong advocate of more aid for developing countries and was attracted by the World Bank post. Said he last week: "The great thing about the job is to be an advocate, to push forward on the needs of Third World countries. Here I can address myself to their problems." Developing nations in serious economic difficulties need such an advocate. ■

Carter's candidate for the World Bank

"The great thing is to be an advocate."

Milestones

BORN. To **Lady Annabel Goldsmith,** 46, London socialite, and **Sir James** (Jimmy) **Goldsmith,** 47, British food and publishing magnate: a son, their third child (the couple had a son and daughter before they were married in 1978, and each has three children by previous marriages); in London. Name: Benjamin James.

BORN. To **John Ehrlichman,** 55, domestic affairs chief during the Nixon Administration and convicted Watergate conspirator-turned-novelist (*The Company, The Whole Truth*), and Interior Designer **Christine McLaurine,** 32, his wife of two years: a son, their first child (she has a son by a previous marriage, he has five grown children by his first marriage, which ended in 1978 after 29 years); in Santa Fe, N. Mex.

DIED. Victor Galindez, 31, World Boxing Association light-heavyweight champion between 1974 and 1979; of injuries received during an auto race, when a racing car spun out of control and hit him and another driver (who was also killed), as the two were leaving their disabled vehicle; in 25 de Mayo, Argentina. A ferocious fighter who successfully defended his title ten times, the Argentine-born Galindez took up auto racing earlier this year after suffering two successive defeats in the ring and going into retirement.

DIED. Virgil Fox, 68, flamboyant organist whose technical mastery and theatrical flair attracted millions to the instrument; of cancer; in West Palm Beach, Fla. The son of an Illinois harmonica player and theater owner, Fox was organist at Manhattan's Riverside Church for 19 years and was invited to play virtually all the world's great church organs, but he was best known for his more than 30 recordings and his freewheeling concert appearances, at which he favored iridescent jackets, rhinestone-studded shoes and a full-length, crimson-lined cape. After he began wooing a new generation of listeners in the 1970s by touring the country with a rock-style light show and a 2,700-watt electronic amplification system, he told an interviewer: "My more conservative colleagues regard me as an infidel. They say I'm a showman, and I'm proud to be one."

DIED. Marcello Caetano, 74, Prime Minister of Portugal for six years before being ousted by a military coup in 1974; of a heart attack; in Rio de Janeiro. Appointed Prime Minister in 1968, when longtime Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar was incapacitated by a stroke, Caetano made some abortive moves toward liberalization and tried vainly to preserve Portugal's eroding colonial empire by continuing costly wars in Mozambique and Angola before his dismissal by the junta of General António de Spinola.

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*Burke Market Research Survey of 5000 businesses, April, 1980.

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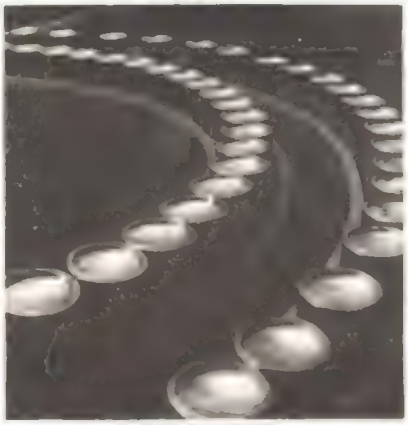

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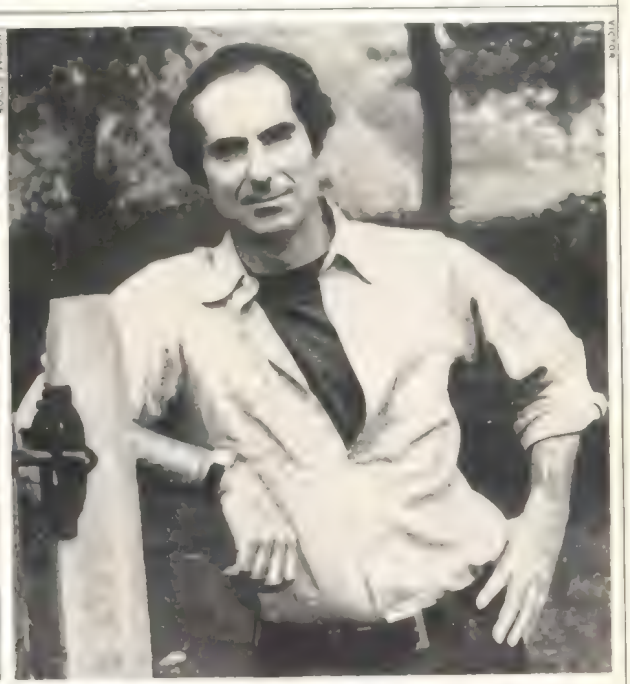
Stanley Elkin: showing a fondness for the short set piece



Philip Roth: offering an apotheosis of erotic obsession

Two Serious Comic Writers

A PHILIP ROTH READER *Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 483 pages; $17.50*
STANLEY ELKIN'S GREATEST HITS *Dutton; 290 pages; $10.95*

Considering the number of books issued in the U.S. (roughly 40,000 per year), some weird coincidences are bound to occur. Here is one of them. Almost simultaneously, two different publishers are releasing anthologies of past work by two living, still productive authors. Such recycling is uncommon in hard-cover publishing, although paperbacks and mass entertainment in general have thrived on it for years. On TV, reruns increasingly perpetuate the forgettable. Record companies expect people to pay good money for slapped-together albums offering the best, say, of Donny and Marie, and they are rarely disappointed.

But why should anyone buy books filled with fiction that has already appeared in other books? As any number of Philip Roth or Stanley Elkin characters might say, why not? Even those who happen to own all the 18 volumes that Roth and Elkin have written over the past 20 years are likely to find these two collections of golden oldies a sound investment, a way of consolidating large past pleasures into compact present ones. New readers have a different and equally worthwhile treat in store: the happy discovery of two serious comic writers.

The breed is rare. Aside from Roth, Elkin and Thomas Pynchon, it is hard to think of many other contemporaries who consistently qualify. Humorists go strictly for laughs, and more power to them. Roth and Elkin take a different direction; they pretend that they would gladly stick to brass tacks and the big issues if only the world were not so loony. The hero of *Portnoy's Complaint* (1969), Roth's most celebrated novel, cries out to his psychiatrist: "Doctor Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke!*" If not, though, then why is the book so funny?

Similarly, Elkin squeezes out comedy from lost causes, the tickling sensation that comes when backs rub against the wall. An old peddler named Isidore Feldman fetches up in Illinois. He tells his new neighbors that he is "in the last phase of the Diaspora. I have come to the end of the trail in your cornfields." And he gives his son some good advice: "Travel light Because there will come catastrophe. Every night expect the flood, the earthquake, the fire, and think of the stock."

Some variation of this philosophy rests behind most of Roth's and Elkin's best work: The worst is yet to be, so watch out. The disasters that befall Roth heroes

Excerpts

"'Maureen, listen to me: I want to marry you. I don't care whether you're pregnant or not . . . I want to marry you.' I sounded to myself about as convincing as the romantic lead in a high school play. I think it may have been in that moment that my face became the piece of stone I was to carry around on my neck for years thereafter. 'Let's get married,' I said, as if saying it yet again, another way, would fool anyone about my real feelings. Yet it fooled Maureen I could have proposed in Pig Latin and fooled Maureen."

—A Philip Roth Reader

"'Yes,' she said, 'yes. All the coastlines, bays, sounds, capes and peninsulas, the world's beaches scribbled round all the countries and continents and islands. All the Cannes and Hamptons yet to be. Shores in Norway like a golden lovely dust. Spain's wild hairline, Portugal's long face like an impression on coins. The nubbed antlers of Scandinavia and the great South American porterhouse . . . Yes, yes,' she said. 'God, I love the world.'

'There's no place like it.'"

—Stanley Elkin's Greatest Hits

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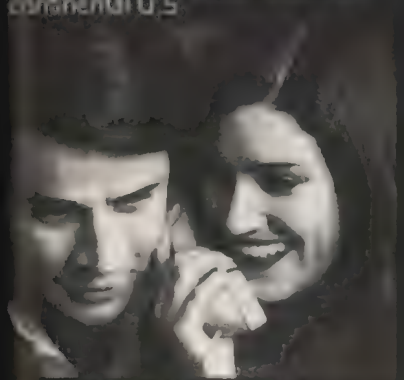


KEEP THESE CODES HANDY

UNITED KINGDOM 44			
Aberdeen	224	Leeds	532
Belfast	232	Liverpool	51
Birmingham	21	London	1
Bristol	272	Manchester	61
Cardiff	222	Newcastle-on-Tyne	632
Coventry	203	Norwich	603
Dublin	1	Nottingham	602
Edinburgh	31	Plymouth	752
Glasgow	41	Portsmouth	705
Hull	482	Sheffield	742
Leicester	533	Southampton	703
		Stoke-on-Trent	782
		Sunderland	783
		Walsall	922
		Wolverhampton	902

Bell System

Books

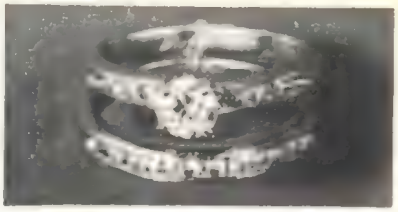
are chiefly sexual; well-educated, pampered men, they try to be moral and high-minded while writhing as passion's playthings. Expecting life to resemble "high art," they are constantly outraged to find themselves crawling through "low actuality." A scene from the marriage of Maureen and Peter Tarnopol in *My Life as a Man* is screamingly typical: "Then, on hands and knees, she crawled into the living room with my Gillette razor in her hand, waiting patiently for me to finish talking with my undergraduate harlot and come on home so that she could get on with the job of almost killing herself." An apotheosis of erotic obsession is achieved by a character named David Kepesh, who is transformed into a 155-lb. female breast.

A few Elkin characters have sexual problems too. One, for example, must cope with a large female Kamchatkan brown bear, in heat. In *The Dick Gibson Show* (1971) a druggist tells how knowing the secret medical problems of his women customers gradually unhinged him: "My mind was like the waiting room of a brothel." More often, though, passion is the least Elkin's people have to worry about. Ben Flesh, the hero of *The Franchiser* (1976), learns in Rapid City, S. Dak., that he has multiple sclerosis. He worries about this and the effect of a current heat wave on his local business: "The Mister Softees are all melted. The Lord has beaten the Mister Softees back into yogurt cultures." And Elkin has been traveling progressively farther out; *The Living End* (1979) offers a knee-slapping look at death and eternal damnation.

For all the miscues and misfortune that these books portray, they nonetheless inspire elation, the thrill of watching craftsmen work with words. Roth and Elkin are both superb monologists, comic sprinters, which is one reason why excerpts from their longer works still seem satisfyingly self-contained. Roth describes himself as a child with "one foot in college, the other in the Catskills," and the Borscht Belt routine is what his first-person narrators constantly imitate, no matter how much they want to sound like Chekhov or Henry James. Elkin's characters are prone to bursts of speechmaking, and their creator is also fond of the short set piece. Here is a Cadillac that has been sitting in the heat too long: "Whatever was plastic in the car . . . had begun to bubble, boil, the glue melting and the car's great load of padding rising yeast-like, separating, creating seams he'd been unaware of before, like the perforations on Saltines."

Much more can be hoped for from Roth, 47, and Elkin, 50. Questions remain. Come on, Roth, will guys ever cope with sex and guilt successfully? Hey, Elkin, is there life after the Apocalypse? For now, these two books offer splendid ways to pass the time while waiting for the answers, and the end

—By Paul Gray



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SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

When you move, make sure your mail arrives at your new address right after you do.

The key is this: Notify everyone who regularly sends you mail one full month before you move.

Your Post Office or Postman can supply you with free Change-of-Address Kits to make notifying even easier.

One last serious note. Use your new ZIP Code.

Don't make your mail come looking for you. Notify everyone a month before you move.

USPS

Books

Russia's Giant

PETER THE GREAT: HIS LIFE AND WORLD *by Robert K. Massie*
Knopf; 909 pages; $17.95

In 1698, when Peter the Great returned to Moscow from a voyage to Europe, the 26-year-old Tsar horrified his male subjects with a stern proclamation: they were to cut off their beards immediately. No matter that to the elders of the Orthodox Church, beardlessness was godlessness. Most of the up-to-date Westerners Peter had seen had been clean-shaven, so off came the beards in his own land

Peter the Great
Shaving beards and lopping robes

—first among the courtiers at the Kremlin, sometimes with Peter's good-humored but rough-handed assistance, and then, as the grumbling spread, across Russia. One old man was permitted to keep his beard, and so was the Patriarch of the church. Anyone else who insisted on a hairy chin had to pay a stiff tax.

That done, Peter attacked the long, saggy-sleeved robes worn by all Russian men above the rank of serf. It was impossible to walk briskly in these droopy Oriental rigs, and Peter was a brisk walker, a man of endless physical and intellectual energy. A marvelous painting by the 20th century Russian artist Valentin Serov shows him, skinny, determined, 6 ft. 7 in. tall, footing it at top speed along a quay in St. Petersburg, followed by three breathless flunkies. That was Peter. To make certain that his subjects kept pace, he stationed soldiers with swords at the gates of Moscow. All travelers wearing

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What the chemical industry is doing to help clean up the air you breathe

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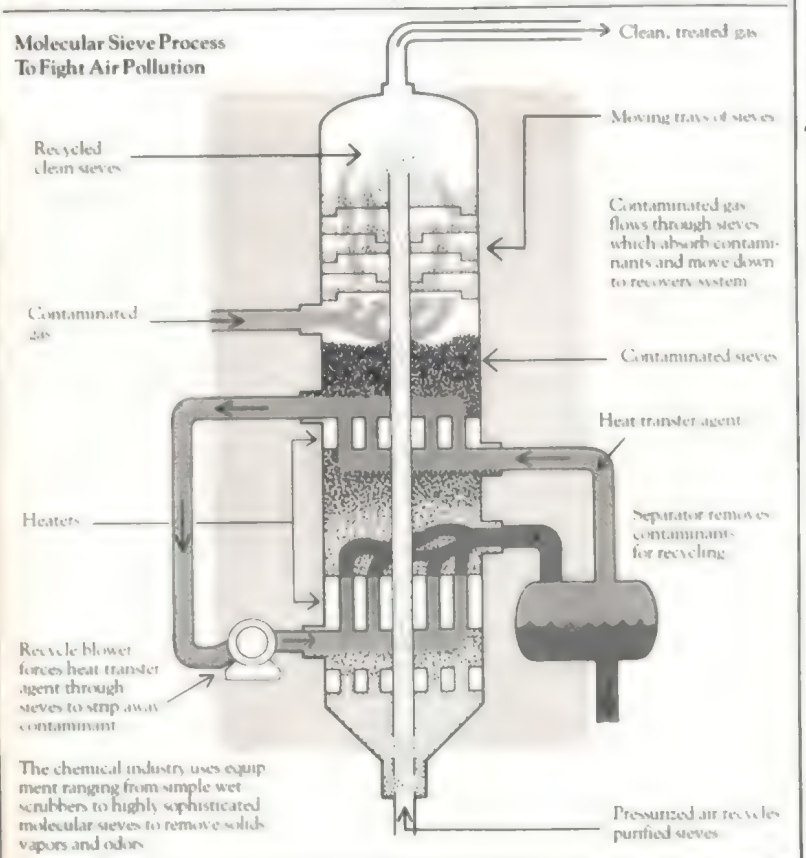

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robes were forced to kneel: *whack!* The garments were sliced off where they touched the ground. Most men quickly switched to European stockings and knee breeches.

Any biography of Peter would be a superb story, and Robert K. Massie's flawed but vigorous work adds the dimensions of intelligence and perspective. The massiveness of the biography is to some extent a result of tact. The author of *Nicholas and Alexandra* assumes that not all of his readers will be up on William of Orange or the War of the Spanish Succession, and he interrupts Peter's chronicle every few chapters to supply cram courses. Unfortunately his prose is often humorless and disconcertingly bland for a character as fiery as Peter. Still, the occasional tries at vividness seem just as inappropriate. Speaking of Louis XIV's sturdy sexuality, Massie writes that the Sun King had a great many unofficial liaisons, so that his three acknowledged mistresses were only "the tip of the iceberg." His final sentences on Peter have the uneasy grandiloquence of a stockbroker wearing a sword to a costume party. "He was a force of nature, and perhaps for this reason no final judgment will ever be delivered. How does one judge the endless roll of the ocean or the mighty power of the whirlwind?"

These are minor complaints about a well-constructed and lavishly illustrated book. Peter carries his own story, and Massie lets him do it. Bloody violence swirled around the Russian throne from the beginning. At ten, Peter stood by, rigid, as the Streltsy, imperial guards, stormed through the Kremlin butchering his mother's relatives. At 17 he won out in a grim power struggle with his half sister Sophia. A few years later, the Streltsy revolted again; this time Peter put them to torture and gruesome death. His own son by a failed first marriage, Tsarevich Alexis, was a weak youth whose hysterical defiance of Peter resulted in his death at 28, after 40 blows of the knout. And always there was war, with the Crimean Tatars, with Sweden, with Persia.

Robert K. Massie

Wearing a sword to a costume party.

Yet Peter, although he was considered to be the Antichrist by some conservative religionists in his own land, is a strangely appealing figure who in many ways became the benevolent despot of 18th century theory. His powerful tropism toward the West was precisely what his backward country needed. At a time when the only vessels in Russia were sluggish river barges, he conceived a great love of sailing boats. He built a navy and fought a 20-year war with Charles XII of Sweden to give Russia access to the Baltic. He founded the great port city of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) to shift his nation's focus toward the Western seas.

His eccentric journeys to the West were unlike those ever made by another monarch. He traveled incognito to avoid the stupefying hours of ceremony that customarily attended a royal progress.

He worked for several weeks as "Carpenter Peter" in a shipyard in Amsterdam, and rode or sailed happily about the harbor in his spare time. Generally he chatted amiably with passers-by when crowds were not oppressive, but when boats came too close to his own, he would roar in anger and throw empty bottles or blows in their direction. He learned the elements of anatomy, ironwork and dentistry, and peered in delight through the world's first microscope. Mikhail Lomonosov, Russia's first notable scientist, described Peter in those days: "I see him everywhere, now enveloped in a cloud of dust, of smoke, of flame, now bathed in sweat at the end of strenuous toil. I refuse to believe that there was but one Peter and not several." When the Tsar met a capable man, whether he was a juggler, a shipwright or a general, he offered him riches and high position to practice his trade in Russia. Most of the candidates accepted, and they and the insatiably curious genius who employed them brought Russia into the 18th century.

Peter was a historical necessity for his suspicious and isolated nation. But he was not an inevitability. Events did not cause him; he created them; and a reflective reader may well wonder what Russia's course would have been had the pallid Romanov line continued without its giant. —*By John Skow*

Complex Justice

INDEPENDENT JOURNEY
by James F. Simon
Harper & Row; 454 pages; $16.95

Justice William O. Douglas was a vain man; the final evidence was the old liberal's insistence that his 81 years of life called for a two-volume autobiography totaling 860 pages. James F. Simon's realistic portrait spares readers some of the great Justice's lengthy lecture on the evils of McCarthyism and his expansive observations on six Presidents. The space saved is devoted in part to Douglas' personal life, including the rather novel relationships with his final three wives, whom Douglas neglected to mention in his autobiography. Clearly, it is not only soap-opera buffs who will be intrigued by a Supreme Court sexagenarian's courtships of young college students.

William O. Douglas

The author does not hide his admiration for the man whose record of 36 years on the high court may stand forever. And there is indeed much to admire. As a child in Yakima, Wash., Douglas had to conquer polio and poverty. He gave up everything dear to him to jump into the Establishment's big East Coast pond, and by age 39 was leading the successful campaign to reform the New York Stock Exchange. He spent half of his life on the Supreme Court championing unpopular causes and had so much surplus energy that he became a prolific author. He was almost President: Franklin Roosevelt wanted Douglas on the 1944 ticket rather than Harry Truman.

Yet Simon is no fawning biographer. Douglas improved the lot of millions of Americans he never met, but he could be punishing to the people he knew, and Simon gives more than a few examples. Douglas' relationships with his law clerks were, as one put it, like those between master and slaves. He was named Father of the Year in 1950, but his offspring knew better: "Dad was scary," recalls Son William. Even in robes, Douglas had his failings. Simon says that the great civil libertarian was not truly a hero in the Rosenberg spy case because his last minute effort to delay their executions came only after his five votes not to hear their appeals. Sadly, even in one of the Justice's final acts—the chronicling of his life—the great storyteller has been outdone by a man he scarcely knew, and a New Yorker at that. —*By Bennett H. Beach*

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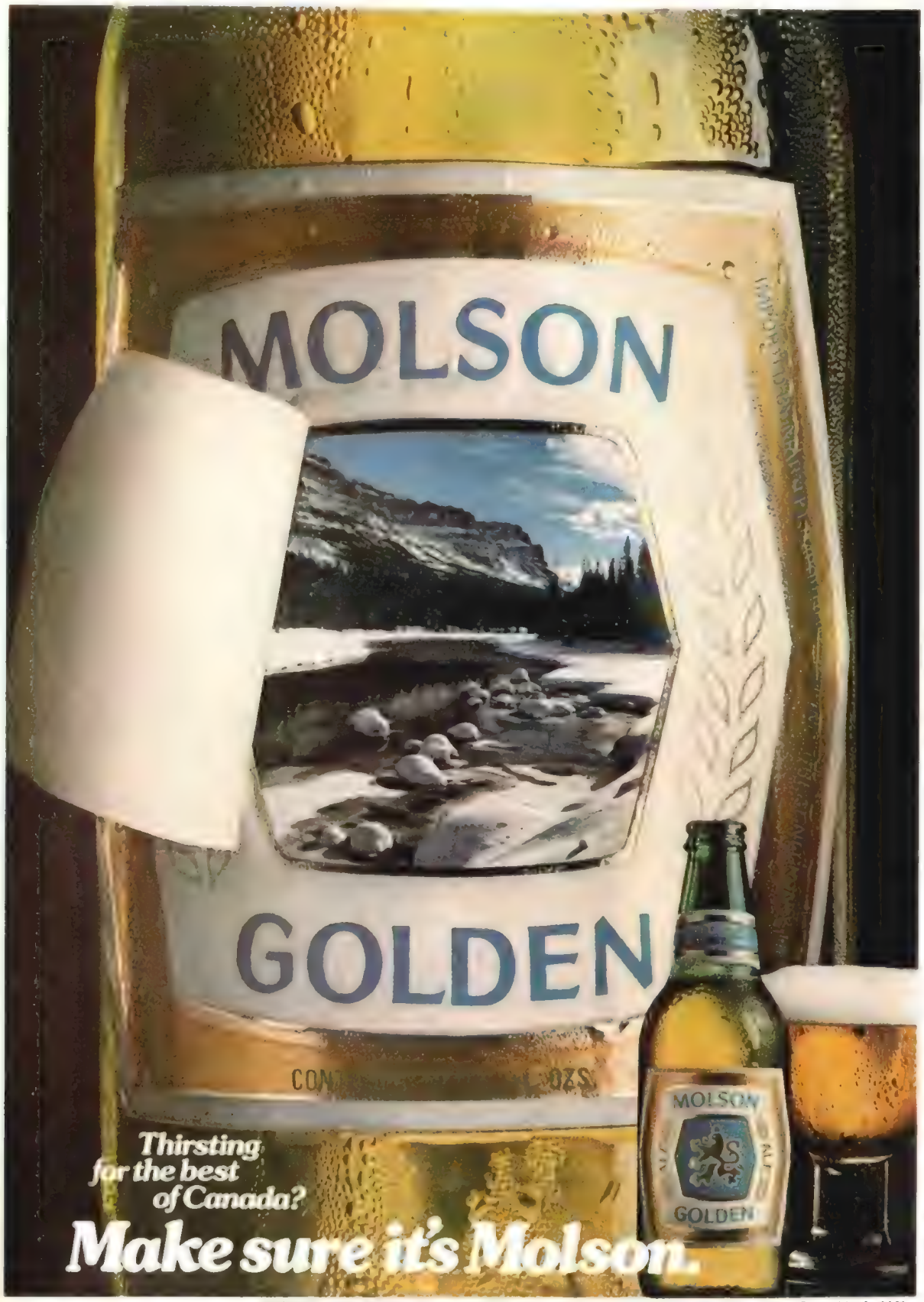

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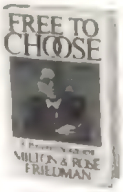

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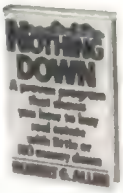

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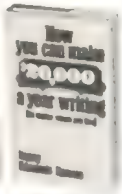

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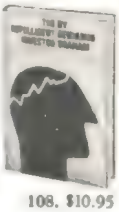
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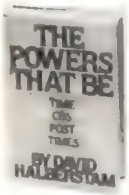

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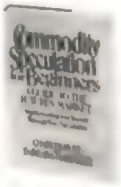

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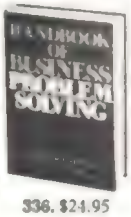

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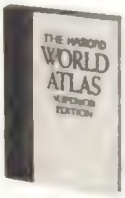

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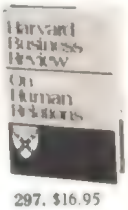

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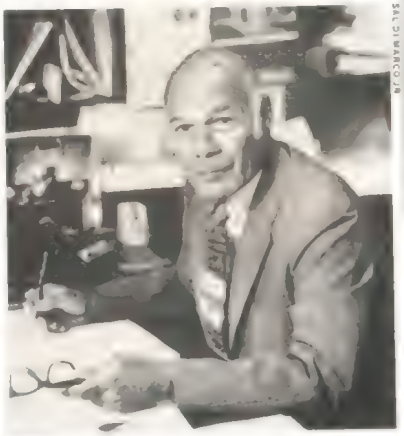
Behavior

A Painful Theory on Pleasures

Drugs, power, love, eating are seen as similar addictions

It is known, in the usual jawbreaking jargon of the trade, as the Opponent-Process Theory of Acquired Motivation. A small number of psychologists—some 30 around the U.S.—think it explains addictive behavior and much of the relationship between pleasure and pain. Although the theory is supported by experiments with lab animals during the past several years, it remains so hard to believe that even its chief exponent sometimes talks as if he has lost the faith. He is University of Pennsylvania Psychologist Richard Solomon, 62, who says, "I'm suspicious of it myself. I wish someone would come along and prove it untrue." Still, it has won wide respect among psychologists. Harvard's Richard Herrnstein calls it "very promising" and thinks it may one day have practical application to treatment of addicts.



SAL DI MARCO JR

Psychologist Richard Solomon in his office

The basic notion of opponent-process theory is that addiction comes naturally to mammals. Solomon holds that the same principle that produces junkies and alcoholics also produces social attachment, love, thrill seeking, power seeking, overeating and other forms of addiction. The theory's kicker: each addiction eventually produces its opposite; pleasure turns to pain, and pain to pleasure.

"At the start," says Solomon, "drugs are highly pleasant. You get a big 'rush' and euphoria. But as tolerance builds up, the rush disappears and the threat and pain of withdrawal begin to take command. We think that every event in life that has a strong effect also has an opposed process that fights it."

A runner's "high," says Solomon, is an example of pain giving way to pleasure. Withdrawal symptoms are signs of the opposite process: pleasure turning to pain and anxiety. Studies of parachute jumping, done in the 1960s by Psychologist Seymour Epstein at the University of Massachusetts, found that some experienced jumpers become severely distressed when bad weather cancels their sport. Epstein says that this "appears to be an addiction to jumping."

Solomon says a similar process happened to him during World War II. The Government sent him to the Laredo Army Air Field in Texas to help develop sights for a .50-cal. air-to-air machine gun. "I was terrified," he says. "There were stories about it blowing up in people's hands. But after a while it addicted me to thrill seeking. I used to take the gun out in the desert to shoot rattlesnakes. It gave me a very positive feeling about World War II."

Solomon, who graduated from Brown in 1940, won his Ph.D. there after the war, then taught at Harvard for 13 years before moving to Penn in 1960. What triggered his formulation of the opponent-process theory was a series of animal experiments conducted by him and other researchers that did not seem to bear out accepted views on stimulus response. The experiments indicated that if medium-intensity shocks are applied at regular intervals to dogs, cats, rats and other animals, tolerance builds up and the animals show progressively less emotional reaction to pain, instead of the unvarying reaction that might have been predicted. In experiments measuring the distress calls of ducklings, Psychologist Mark Starr, then at the University of Pennsylvania, found that the birds showed far more distress when their mothers were removed and returned at brief intervals than when removed for long periods of time. Starr's conclusion: the frequency of the separations built up an addictive behavior that gradually produced withdrawal symptoms.

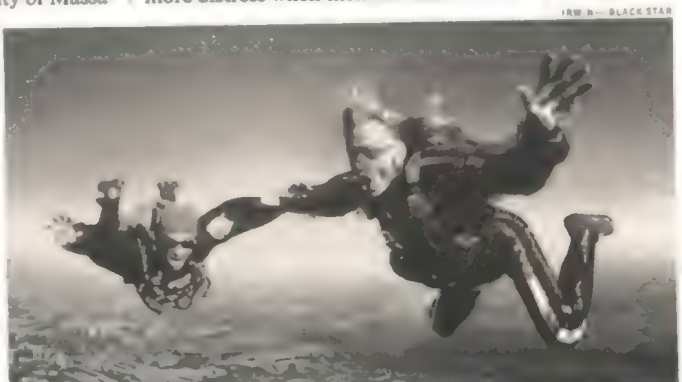
Such studies, says Solomon, suggest that in its early stages any attachment is controlled mainly by pleasure, but late in the attachment the main control is the threat of separation and loneliness. Although the leap to human behavior is a long one, Solomon sees the same mechanisms at work. "The ecstasy and madness of the early love affair are going to disappear," he says, "and when they do, it means that a withdrawal symptom has to emerge if you are denied the presence of your partner. We call it loneliness."

According to the theory, the size of doses and the intervals between doses are crucial to addiction. The distress shrieks of ducks are prolonged at one-minute intervals away from the mother, but not at two or five minutes. A rat fed a food pellet every 60 seconds will show withdrawal symptoms (agitated behavior, drinking too much water) after each morsel. But the symptoms disappear if the pellets are spaced several minutes apart. The implication: proper timing of dosage prevents addiction. Says Solomon: "If I have an addictive substance and space it over time, I won't get hooked."

One spin-off of opponent-process theory is a bit of advice for human dieters. Why do people keep eating when their stomachs are full? "Because we like to fight off withdrawal by redosing with a pleasurable taste," says Solomon. "The better the taste of the food, the bigger the opponent process and the harder the withdrawal." So it makes sense to eat tasty foods early in the meal and save the bland ones for last, so the withdrawal will be easier. Better yet, eat only bland, uninteresting foods, and arrange to have someone interrupt your meal with a phone call. "You'll waste some food, but it will work," says Solomon.

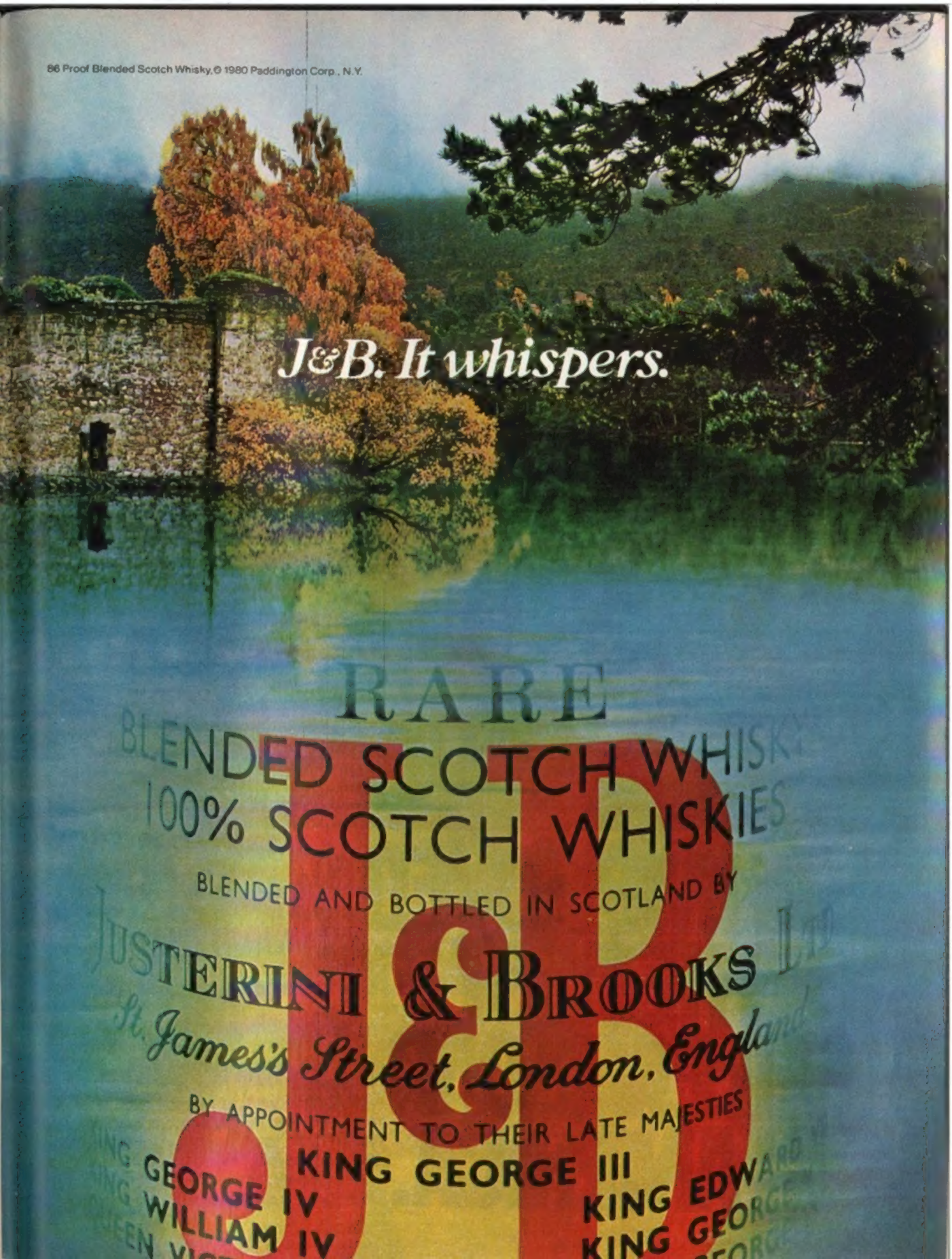
A number of unexplained mood changes, says Solomon, appear to be the result of an opponent process dragging down its counterpart emotion. Endorphins, the opiate-like substances secreted in the brain, may play a role in these changes. Whatever the mechanism, the idea is that the brain is somehow organized to suppress some emotions and to limit the extent of highs and lows. It is, Solomon concedes, a theory that yields a puritan moral: Live moderately because great pleasures rarely go unpunished. —*By John Leo*

IRWIN—BLACK STAR



Thrill-seeking entrants in a skydiving competition near Zephyr Hills, Fla.

Withdrawal symptoms when bad weather cancels their sport.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